

HUMAN NATURE:

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THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

ENOCH.

THE EARLY DEATH OF GENIUS.

[This is the last paper of the series which emanated from the lamented author's pen. It was written just previous to his fatal illness, as if the last "Myth" to be unfolded were the secret of his own destiny. It undoubtedly embodies the inner aspiration of his being, and gives a clue to the purposes to which he devoted his life-energies—too mindful of the higher duties and relationships of existence to give sufficient attention to the narrow sphere of self.]

"AND Enoch was not, for God took him," is but too often the succinct history of the early fatality of genius now as of old. Nor is this to be wondered at, for these richly gifted light-bringers of creation are of necessity spiritual aliens in this sombre sphere of darkness and opacity, limitation and error, and therefore of sorrow and suffering; and being thus strangers and exiles here, it need not be matter for astonishment that some of them tend irresistibly to gravitate heavenwards, to their brighter house in the spirit-land, where, let us trust, they will find an environment more in accordance with their inner life of sympathy, and their higher life of aspiration.

This wondrous gift of genius, whether with or without its mission of seerdom, most assuredly presents us with a mysterious problem, as remote from solution now as at any former period in the collective life of our race. What is its essential character?—whence comes its supernal light?—and what is its real vocation in the great scheme of human affairs? What are its chosen vessels, such as Moses and Elijah, Homer and Dante, Phidias and Raphael, Sophocles and Shakespeare, or, we may add,

Alexander and Napoleon? What special rank do these radiant spirits hold in the great hierarchy of intelligence, and what relations do they maintain, consciously or unconsciously, with the supernal realms, while still to mortal eyes mere corporeal dwellers on this lowly earth-plane? Why are some of them just shown to us in all the beauty and splendour of their early promise, and then, in a sense, prematurely withdrawn, not only ere the completion, but apparently at the mere incipience of their possible and impending mission? And why are others allowed to linger on amidst toil, anxiety, and obscurity, sometimes to their dying day, unrecognised and unrequited—the victims of neglect, if not of persecution—left to be fed by the ravens of chance and circumstance—stoned by their cotemporaries, yet sometimes having their sepulchres gorgeously adorned by posterity? And why are others, after a life of labour and sorrow, doomed to a martyr's death, so that in a sense their sad evangel may be summed up as one long Gethsemane, ending in a cruel and relentless Calvary? It is impossible to conceive that such beings are rooted here. Hence, perhaps, their sombre destiny. As they are not of the earth earthy in their nature, so neither are they of the world worldly in their desires and professions. Their character and career, their endowments and achievements, alike proclaim them aliens in the timesphere. But though aliens, yet exiles from a better land, nurselings from a higher family, with whose nobler characteristics they are indelibly stamped, and of whose habitual yet sublimer utterances they occasionally vouchsafe us the faint echo, to be treasured among the golden sands and priceless jewels of inspired thought, while empires wane and creeds wax old and die.

"And Enoch walked with God." Even so. Here was the secret of his superhuman power, the source of his supernal light, the well-head of his divine inspiration. Modern men do not seem to understand these things. They walk with the creature in preference to the Creator, and so but too often lose the substance in pursuit of the shadow, following in this, perhaps, the resistless proclivity of their lower nature, which leads them to their like by that law of sympathetic attraction which constitutes the higher gravitation of the spiritual sphere. Have we not here, then, some reliable indication as to the grade and status of our more gifted seermen? They tend Godwards, because they are in an especial manner sons of the Infinite, and so peculiarly privileged to hold profound communion with their heavenly Father, whose nearness to them as to us is in exact proportion to our receptivity; for these things seemingly obey laws, and are in a sense subject to conditions. Even Divine influence demands openness to its effluence. As certain chambers have

every avenue to the introduction of sunlight thoroughly closed, and thus remain in rayless darkness, while the surrounding world basks in meridian splendour; so some unhappy souls seem shut out from the cheering light and vivifying warmth of the central sun, in whose life, consequently, they but imperfectly share, and to whose splendour they are partially blind. There, doubtless, we touch the key-note of their condition. Their ears are deaf to the harmony, and their eyes are closed to the beauty of the supernal, and, consequently, they predicate the everlasting silences and the blackness of darkness for ever; where others, less obstructed, listen to celestial anthems, and behold angelic beauty, while yet regarding each but as a portal to still higher revelations of the divine *suum cuique*. What you are, that you know. As is your worth, so is your insight. Of what you are competent, to that you attain. Your ability is the measure of your power, whether in the sphere of thought or action. The horizon of the worm is different from that of the eagle, each being in accordance with the capacity of the recipient. If you would see farther, you must rise higher. Your limitations, however apparently stringent, are not in your environment but yourself. What is hard as adamant and impenetrable as granite to you, may prove but as molten wax to another and a greater. No barriers are absolutely impassable; their resistance is always finite, and their invincibility relative. Thus it is that the distance between the creature and Creator, measured by grade, is infinite; yet bridged by the mystic bond of saintly faith and filial love, this measureless gulf disappears, and the extremes of power and weakness meet and commingle, as the earthly child of yesterday nestles in the bosom of Him who is at once his heavenly Father and his infinite God. This, in truth, is arch-miracle, yet the constantly recurrent fact of human experience—that man, the feeble and the finite, can yet prevail by faith and prayer to lay hold on the Omnipotent and the Infinite, maintaining direct communion in the stilly depths of his adoring soul, with the measureless power, the unerring wisdom, and the absolute perfection of the central intelligence of the universe.

"God is love." There, doubtless, in this sublimest truth which language has yet embodied, we obtain a faint glimpse of those beneficent conditions, on the divine side of our problem, which permit of the intercourse of man with his Maker. God is love, his yearning affections, like all his other attributes, being infinite, and so all-embracing and all-persuasive, he succours the worm in its weakness, and sustains the archangel in his wisdom and power. Yes, it is the absolute infinitude of the Divine love, and the fathomless depth of the Divine sympathy that permit of this near approach of man, the creature, to God, his Creator. It is

here that the wisdom of the worldly wise so utterly fails. Conceiving of God as a great King, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, they fancy that, in accordance with the habitude of earthly monarchs, he must be unapproachable in proportion to his grandeur and his power. There cannot be a greater mistake. It is their finitude that makes our earthly rulers so practically inaccessible to the great majority of their subjects. They must be surrounded with barriers all but impassable, or they would be overwhelmed with supplications, for let us remember that the insignia of their royalty cannot cover the limitations of their humanity. They are men and women, who, however good and gracious, are only of like power to ourselves, and so cannot personally and directly minister to the wants, or rectify the wrongs of all their manifold subjects. But it is otherwise with our heavenly King, whose omnipresence places him in immediate contact, and so in possible communion with each of his million-fold children, whose every want he knows through his omniscience, and whose manifold wounds he heals through his infinite love, sustaining their sorrows, and succouring them in their distress, not only with the faithfulness of a friend, but the unspeakable affection of a father. We use this endearing term in part through the necessities of human speech, and in part as an accommodation to human thought; for near and dear as may be the connection of parent and child on earth, it does not express the full force of the relationship, amounting to indissoluble oneness, which exists between the Divine Father and his manifold offspring. There is ever a gulf of greater or less width, between parent and child in this world. The mortal father and mother, however affectionate and sympathetic, do not thoroughly understand the characteristic specialities, and cannot therefore fully enter into all the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of their children. The truth is, they are limited by their own individuality, which precludes the possibility of their entering into more than partial soul-communion with another. However apparently familiar, and however close their affinity, they are nevertheless excluded from the profounder depths of consciousness, which must ever remain a practically-sealed volume to all save the possessor and his God. Hence all creaturely intelligences are more or less external to each other. They live on the outside; and are thus essentially superficial, even in their processes of deepest insight. But it is otherwise with God, who dwells in the still depths. Let us clearly understand that in every mind, however vile and abject, or however weak or ignorant, there is a holy of holies where the shekinah ever burns between the cherubims. In every soul, however exalted or debased, there are still depths, where man, consciously or unconsciously, communes with his Maker.

THE OCCULT PHILOSOPHY OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

BY J. W. MACKIE, SAN FRANCISCO.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance,
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled—
Like aught that for its grace may be,
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

BEFORE me lies a curious antique volume bearing the above title, containing many things worthy of note by the psychological student. Like the works of the times in which it was written (1533), it contains many very absurd and foolish superstitions. There is also a constant effort to impress upon the reader that the writer is in possession of wonderful powers and extraordinary knowledge. Notwithstanding this manifestation of vanity, there is an under-current stream of ideas flowing through the work, which mark the writer as a deep thinker and a diligent student of the subtle forces of nature.

Controlled by that most mischievous spirit of ancient times, which made knowledge mystical and difficult to acquire, he confesses to have purposely placed absurd things in his book, and thus warns the prejudiced reader:—"Whom therefore I advise that they read not our writings nor remember them; for they are pernicious and full of poison; the gate of Acheron is in this book; it speaks stones; let them take heed lest it beat out their brains. But you that can come without prejudice to read it with as much discretion as bees have in gathering honey, read securely."

There is another feature in the work, which in this age of free press and free speech, is very striking; his care not to offend the Church, as shown in the conclusion of the first chapter:—"Wherefore, whatsoever things have here already, and shall afterwards be said by me, I would not have any one to assent to them, nor shall I, myself, any further than they shall be approved by the Catholic Church and the congregation of the faithful."

His philosophy is an endeavour to discover or explain the unseen forces which govern all things, by the teachings of magicians and philosophers, and his own experiments. He divides the universe into three—the elementary, celestial,

and intellectual. The elementary sphere in which we live, has four sub-divisions—earth, water, air, and fire—which are again sub-divided into three, agreeing with the triplicities of astrology. In the spheres every inferior is governed by the superior; the higher being more subtle and powerful than the lower, “as the earth is to the water, so is the water to the air, and the air to fire.”

The three divisions are, “first, the pure and unchangeable elements; second, the changeable and impure, but which can be reduced to purity and simplicity; and thirdly, those elements which are of themselves not elements, but are twice compounded and changeable one into the other; they are the infallible medium or soul of the middle nature.”

When the modern thinker reflects on the vast stride chemistry has made in disposing of the ancient ideas of primary elements, he will smile at the science of those old times; but the smile will be an ungrateful one. The coming generation may in its turn laugh, and probably with more justice, at our arrogant self-conceit, than we do now at the childishness of our forefathers.

The knowledge of the secret forces of the elementary world was known by the dreaded name of “black art,” creating a prejudice at once against natural philosophy and the philosopher. When we consider these prejudices, and the obstacles which prevented the acquisition of knowledge, discountenanced by the Church, we can only wonder, in the midst of all his absurdities, at the progress made by Agrippa.

The essence of his philosophy is, that there are naturally and spiritually from all bodies certain flowings, or emanations, which leave their impressions on whatever they come in contact with, conveyed through the medium of what he calls the soul of the world. Thus the qualities and more secret properties of substances are impressed upon the air, producing curious effects; even our thoughts are thus conveyed to other minds prepared to receive them by *inspiration*; or, to use his own words, “And hence it is possible naturally, and far from all manner of superstition, no other spirit coming between, that a man should be able in a very short time to signify his mind unto another man, abiding at a very long and unknown distance from him; although he cannot precisely give an estimate of the time it shall take, yet, of necessity, it must be within twenty-four hours; and I myself know how to do it, and have often done it.”

Mental telegraphy is considered a bold thought even for this age; and the few who assert its possibility, and the fewer still who know it by practical experience, are suspected of extreme credulity or insanity. Those who are conversant with mesmeric experiments, the later developments in Spiritualism, mental

epidemics, and religious revivals, will very readily admit the plausibility, at least, of Agrippa's theory or assertion. If such be the case, then, it may be that thoughts produced in the secret laboratory of the brain of an humble and poverty-stricken thinker, in an obscure garret, may find their way into the brain of a more fortunate thinker, who with greater advantages may perfect and make practical the very idea of the poor man. To the unappreciated and unfortunate thinker this may be a crumb of consolation; the ideas busy in his brain are involuntarily given to the world, and are no longer his own though unuttered, and remain in the air indissoluble, till inspired by a mind fitted to receive them.

Denton's "Soul of Things"* elaborates this idea, showing that everything we touch receives a memory of our soul; that the very walls of our rooms are impregnated with our character. This may account for haunted houses, wherein deeds of violence are photographed, and seen by sensitive natures.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses."

Astrology, the science of the celestial, or second grand division of Agrippa, the parent of almost all religious creeds and ceremonies, and the guide of ancient philosophy, has fallen in the estimation of this wise generation. Our fathers believed too much, or received without knowing whether they believed or not; their children in the reaction, perhaps, believe too little, or believe more than they know, and they try to convince themselves that they are above the superstition of their fathers. Reason cannot dispense with imagination, or faith in the unseen; it is just as essential to the healthy state of the mind as is reason itself. It is strange that reason should so stultify itself as to sweep out of existence everything beyond the recognition of our dull senses, when the microscope reveals myriads of living things in the soil on which we stand, the water which we drink, and in the air we breathe. Even reason is not confined to the unaided operation of our senses, but standing on the evidences furnished by them reaches into a world unperceived by them. Analogy teaches us that beyond the recognition of our senses, there are more elements, life, and condition of being, than is recognised by them. When science dreamed that it had purged the thinking world of belief in sorcery and witchcraft, Spiritualism, rushed in, and with a single rap overthrew the metaphysical science of a century. So also astrology has been eclipsed by extraordinary science, and although it may never be resurrected

and clothed with all the mysticisms and absurdities of the middle ages, yet will reappear after its present obscuration, and shine with a brighter and purer light; for ideas are immortal.

It is scientific to believe in gravitation, centripetal and centrifugal forces, and that planetary bodies reciprocally affect each other's movements, and superstitious to hold that the inhabitants of these worlds are subject to astral influences! It may be an open question whether these influences can be reduced to a mathematical certainty so as to determine the details and minutiae of a human life; but it does seem reasonable to believe that we are in some way affected by them. As we have a more rational spiritualism to-day than that of three hundred years ago, so too we may expect a more reasonable astrology than ever entered the brain of a Cardan or Partridge.

Associated with astrology is a peculiar spiritualism. The sphere in which the planet moves is the spirit-world of the planet. There are seven planetary spheres, progressive in their character, and to which the seven ages of man are assimilated; beyond them are the three spheres of the gods. Two planets have been discovered beyond the sphere of Saturn, and if the ancient idea of the spheres be correct, another planet will yet be added to the list.

The character of the seven spheres are well described in the following quotation from the Books of the thrice greatest Hermes, by Dunlap, in his "Spirit Vestiges":—"Thoth desireth to know what will happen after the ascension of the soul to the Father? The Divine Intelligence replies: 'The material loses its form, which is destroyed by time; the senses which have been animated return to their source, and will one day resume their functions; but they lose their passions and desires, and the spirit mounts *again* to the heavens to find itself in harmony. In the first zone, it loses the faculty of increase and decrease; in the second, the power of evil and the deceptions of idleness; in the third, the illusion of desire; in the fourth, insatiable ambition; in the fifth, arrogance; in the sixth, the wicked fondness for riches, mal-acquired; in the seventh, falsehood. The spirit thus purified by the effects of these harmonies, *returns* to the state so much desired, having a mentality and form that are its own, and it dwells with those who celebrate the praises of the Father. They are placed among the powers of the heavens, and thereby partake of God; which is the supreme good of those to whom it has been given to have knowledge: they become God.'"

It is singular that A. J. Davis should revive the astral spiritual philosophy in regard to the seven spheres and the twelve grand divisions; it is strange that the two systems should be so similar, if they had not a common origin. It is also curious

that a theory should be so much despised by Christians—a theory on which the truth of their own system rests. The very alphabet, by which Moses is said to have written the Law, is of astrological origin; the number and form of the letters is derived from the “spheroth” of the heavens, and the signs of the zodiac, and are full of meaning to those initiated into cabalistic mystery. Agrippa dwells considerably on the formation of alphabets, and ascribes to them a spirit origin, or for sacred purposes. Communion with spirit was in those days to be dependent upon certain ceremonies and the use of peculiar names, seals, and characters. Into this error Agrippa does not appear to have fallen, though he describes the seals, names, and characters in detail; but tells us that, as the higher cannot be subservient to the lower, we cannot compel the presence or service of spirits by such devices, but “by a certain admiration of our reason, we are induced to a religious veneration of them, and then we are wrapt with our whole mind into an ecstatical adoration, and then with a wonderful belief, an undoubted hope, and quickening love, we—calling upon them in spirit and in truth, by true names and characters—do obtain from them that virtue or power which we desire.”

The witchcraft and sorcery of olden times are identical with the mesmerism and Spiritualism of the present day. Comte says, “We are too apt to treat as imposture exceptional sensations which we have long ceased to understand, but which have always been well known to magicians and fortune-tellers on the stage of fetishism.”

Fascination—or, as we name it, mesmerism—was familiar to Agrippa, as we may judge from the following:—“Now the instrument of fascination is the spirit—namely, a certain pure, lucid, subtle vapour, generated of the purer blood by the heat of the heart. This doth always send forth through the eyes rays like to itself. . . . Know, therefore, that men are most easily bewitched when, with often beholding, they direct the edge of their sight to the edge of the sight that bewitch them, and when their eyes are reciprocally intent one upon the other; and when rays are joined to rays, and lights to lights, for then the spirit of the one is joined to the spirit of the other, and fixeth its sparks.”

But I cannot dwell upon the peculiarities of this peculiar book, as I have already occupied too much space. It may not be out of place to observe that he described the telescope before Galileo was born, as follows:—“Now he who knows the powers, relations, and properties of these figures and bodies shall be able to work many wonderful things in natural and mathematical magic, especially in glasses. And I know how to make by them

wonderful things, in which any one might see whatsoever he pleases at a long distance."

POETRY OF PROGRESS.—WILLIAM DENTON'S
RADICAL RHYMES.*

IN spite of its generally assumed disadvantages as a medium for the expression of thought, verse has, nevertheless, one excellency, namely, that of causing the thinker to give in a terse and epigrammatic form the ideas he wishes to utter, thereby not only making them easy of apprehension, but convenient for memory. We find an exemplification of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which, in a great measure, owe the ease and readiness with which they flow from the popular tongue to their alliterative and rhythmical form. This peculiarity has frequently been made use of by earnest thinkers as the most convenient way in which to seize hold of and durably to impress the popular mind with their thoughts and feelings. As one of the most successful instances of the kind, may be cited the "Corn Law Rhymes," which made so powerful an impression on the national mind at the time of their appearance. We mention this example because we think that Mr. Denton, if he has not exactly made Ebenezer Elliot his model, has at least been an appreciative student of his style. So at least it appears to us, though it may be that the striking resemblance we think we perceive in style is the result of a similarity in intellectual bias. There is in both the same wide human sympathy, the same sturdy outspokenness of opinion, and the same terseness of expression, but we think the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes" was perhaps possessed of a higher degree of genuine pity—and what is so near akin to it—love, speaking in the broad humanitarian sense. Mr. Denton's tirades against injustice, tyranny, and superstition, seem to be the result of a keenly perceptive and analytical intellect under the guidance of a high and untrammelled moral sense; while those of Ebenezer Elliot result more from pure pity—pity so deep that it is oftentimes pervaded with an almost tearful melancholy. Although this faculty is not wanting in the author of "Radical Rhymes," yet, we think it is inferior to some other traits of mind, for instance, a sense of the humorous, of which he has quite a superior development, as any one will acknowledge who reads his "Babel," "Bible Story in Verse," &c. But if we were called upon to state the chief characteristic of the work before us, we should say it was an enthusiastic love of

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freedom—freedom from unrighteous political laws, ancient superstitions, and ecclesiastical dogmas. It is quite a feature, and crops out in a hundred different places. We could quote a number of choice specimens of this vein, but we will let the following suffice:—

“The time has come to stand erect,
In noble, manly self-respect;
To see the bright sun overhead,
To feel the ground beneath our tread,
Unruled by priests, uncursed by creeds,
Our manhood proving by our deeds.

“The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke;
To set the toiling millions free,
Whatever price their liberty:
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall.”

As a fair specimen of Mr. Denton's sturdy ideas of true manhood, we quote the following two stanzas from a poem entitled “The Freeman's Resolution:”—

“I will be true to my heaven-born self,
Nor league with the world to lie;
The rich may boast of their hoarded pelf,
In poverty, happier I.

“I'll love the true, I'll do the right,
Ruled only by reason's sway;
Let all do so, and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day.”

Our readers will perceive that the “Radical Rhymes” are made of the right kind of stuff, and, even with all their faults, for we do not mean to say they are faultless, far better calculated to develop and nourish the healthy natures the world needs, than all the dreary acres of prurient imagination and maudling sentimentality of which so much of the so-called modern poetry is composed. We only wish we had more such incentives to true manhood. We should like, if space would permit, to quote quite a number of choice *morceaux*, but we must conclude by giving one more specimen, which, by the way, we think equal to Longfellow's “Psalm of Life,” and heartily recommending the reader, if possible, to read the book for himself.

A PSALM OF THE PRESENT.

“Tell me not that inspiration
Died with Jewish bard and seer;
That the present generation
Only finds its mournful bier.

“ Tell me not the Past, so cheerful,
 Reaped when Truth was in her prime;
 But the Present, sad and tearful,
 Gleans the fields of olden time.

“ Tell us not that Heaven’s portals
 Closed when Science had her birth,
 And, since then, the fair immortals
 Have not visited the earth.

“ That the ever-loving angels
 Ceased their songs long, long ago,
 And they herald sweet evangels
 Nevermore to those below.

“ For the fount of life, supernal,
 Feeds unnumbered earthly springs,
 And the joys that are eternal
 To the waiting spirit brings.

“ Come to us the friends who vanished,
 Left us weeping on the shore;
 Eden’s garden find the banished,
 Eat, and live for evermore.

“ Manhood’s vanguard scales the mountain;
 Heaven opens to his view:
 Weary travellers, by the fountain,
 Up! and gird yourselves anew.

ATTRACTION, GRAVITATION, AND PLANETARY MOTION.*—(Continued.)

PLANETARY MOTION.

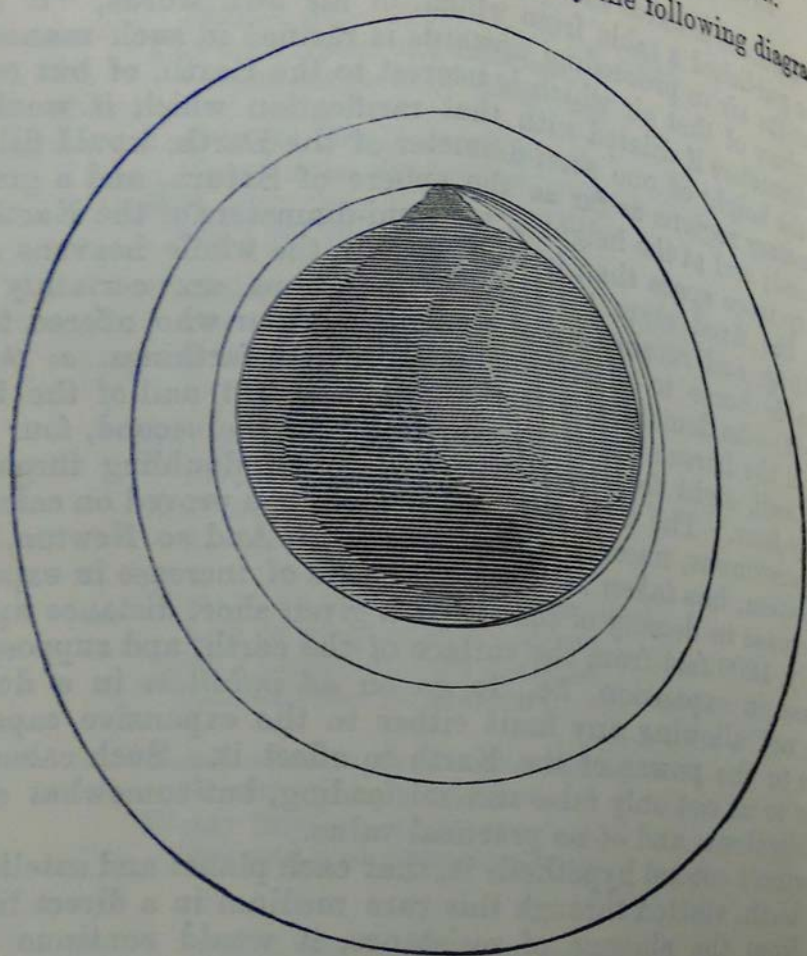
We will now refer to Newton’s theory of planetary motion. If, indeed, any such force as universal attraction exists, we may well ask, in reference to the heavenly bodies, why then do not the planets fall to the Sun, and the satellites to their primaries, instead of revolving around them as they do in regular orbits? To resolve this question, Sir Isaac resorts to another hypothesis, or rather two hypotheses, equally gratuitous, and, as we hope to show, opposed to facts. First, he supposes the vast heavenly spaces to be void of matter, or nearly so, which he attempts to prove by calculating to what extent the heavenly bodies by their attractive forces would draw all matter in their respective neighbourhoods to themselves, including the fluids and gases, which, being matter, would, he says,

* A paper, read by Mr. T. Grant to the Mid Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society at Maidstone, on Friday evening, January 26th, 1872.

be attracted towards their centres, and form their atmospheres. He has published a table from which, in his own words, "it appears that the air in proceeding upwards is rarified in such manner that a sphere of that air which is nearest to the Earth, of but one inch in diameter, if dilated with that rarification which it would have at the height of one semi-diameter of the Earth, would fill all the planetary regions as far as the sphere of Saturn, and a great way beyond; and at the height of ten semi-diameters of the Earth would fill up more space than is contained in the whole heavens on this side the fixed stars." These calculations are certainly rather startling, and remind us of the horse-dealer who offered to sell a valuable horse to a gentleman for a few farthings, *as the buyer thought*;—he demanded a farthing for the first nail of the twenty-four in the horse's shoes, two farthings for the second, four for the third nail, eight for the fourth, and so on, doubling through the twenty-four. The total sum of the farthings proved on calculation to be enormous, namely, £17,476 5s. 4d. And so Newton, in this calculation, has taken as a basis the rate of increase in expansion, or decrease in density of the air, at a given short distance upwards, namely, 1200 feet from the surface of the earth, and supposed that increase in expansion, &c., to go on *ad infinitum* in a duplicate ratio, not allowing any limit either to the expansive capacity of air, or to the power of the Earth to affect it. Such calculations appear to us not only false and misleading, but somewhat childish and ridiculous, and of no practical value.

Newton's second hypothesis is, that each planet and satellite was, at its birth, started through this rare medium in a direct line, and that, from the absence of resistance, it would continue in that direction, with undiminished speed, until it came within the range of some other force tending to draw it aside. This he supposes to have occurred as regards the planets when, at some remote former period, they came into the neighbourhood of the Sun, whose *attraction* is supposed to have drawn them out of their direct course into a curve or orbit; and it must certainly be regarded as a most wonderful circumstance that, in each case, the attractive force so exactly balanced the projectile force as to cause each planet to revolve around the Sun in a regular and continuous circle or ellipse, because it is evident that the least excess in either the centripetal or centrifugal forces would cause the planet to approach the Sun, or to depart from it never to return. The satellites are supposed to have come to their primaries in the same easy way. Sir Isaac does not suppose the projectile force to be continuously applied, not perceiving, what one would think is sufficiently obvious, that the supposed attractive force, *being continuous*, would necessarily absorb gradually the projectile or centrifugal force unless continually renewed; and as the supposed original force is a pure invention, without the slightest foundation in fact, it is difficult to see why he did not stretch a little farther, and make it continuous.

Sir Isaac Newton illustrates his theory by the following diagram



In the centre we have the planet with a mountain on the top; a cannon-ball fired from the top of the mountain would reach the planet say with the first curve; if fired with greater force it might extend to the second curve, and so on to the third and fourth, until, if the force were sufficiently increased, it might go completely round the planet, and strike the top of the mountain from whence it started, thus performing an orbit; and if the projecting force were raised above the planet to a sufficient height, it would faithfully represent the orbit of a satellite.

But, as before suggested, surely it is sufficiently apparent that, unless the projecting force were continuously applied, it would be gradually exhausted or absorbed by the other force, and the projectile would, sooner or later, reach the planet in a spiral course. It is clear that, vacuum or no vacuum, both forces must be continuous. But this idea of an original projecting force, acting unceasingly in vacuo, is quite preposterous, and gives way immediately when we consider the diversity of motions to which the *satellites* are subjected, first in their own orbits; secondly, with the planet in its orbit round the Sun; thirdly, with the Sun in its orbit or journey through space—a motion now well ascertained, although

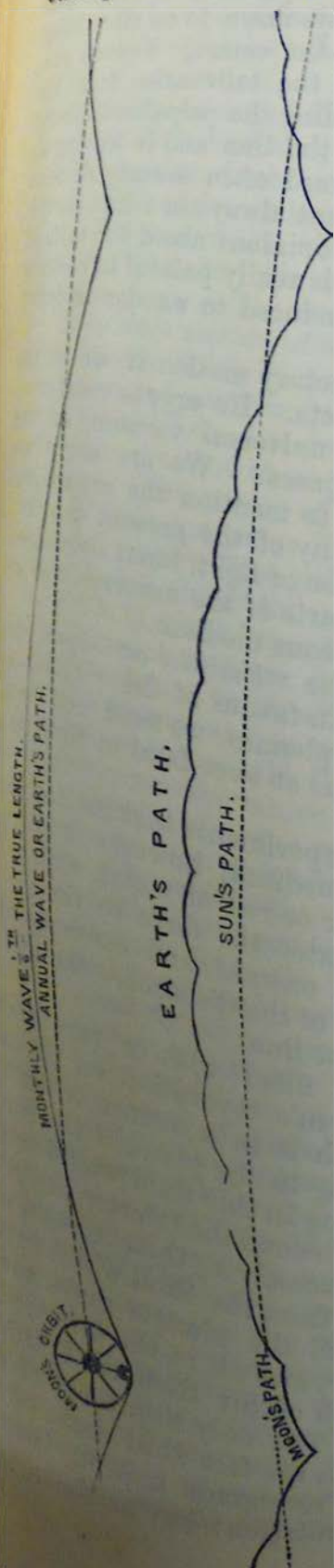
Newton doubted the fact. For the actual course of the Earth or other planet through space is not in circles, but a series of long

waves, and that of the Moon a series of long wavelets, along the line of, and concave, to the larger waves of the Earth's motion—like a nail in the tire of a carriage-wheel, travelling over a succession of gentle hills; only supposing that, in one revolution of the wheel, the carriage is *slid forward* thirty times farther than the wheel's circumference. So neither the Moon nor the Earth ever *really* describe a circle or ellipse in the heavens—it is only theoretical. If you could see sideways, from a distance, the supposed carriage-wheel, you might observe the nail would not *actually* describe a circle—it only *appears* to do so in reference to the axle.

In the two-fold diagram annexed we have attempted an illustration of the *real* motion of the Moon in performing its orbit round the Earth. It is not drawn quite true to scale for want of space.

In performing its orbit round the Earth, or in one turn of the wheel, it really makes a long wave—the waves, succeeding each other, curve to the much longer wave of the Earth's progress, and the Earth-waves curve to the still longer waves of the Sun's progress.

It seems surprising that Newton should have clung so tenaciously to the evidently false notion, and which is now, we believe, generally admitted to be false, of the practical emptiness of the celestial spaces, but this condition unfortunately appeared necessary for the support of many of his cherished theories, and he therefore could not give it up, although it hampered him continually. For instance, in his treatise upon comets, he says, "some will have it that the tails are nothing else but the beams of the Sun's light transmitted through the comets' heads, which they suppose to be transparent." This idea (which is the only sensible theory competent to



explain all the facts) Newton was obliged to discard, because it necessitated the notion of space being a plenum, or filled with matter capable of reflecting the Sun's rays down to us after being condensed through the globular body of the comet. Newton was, therefore, compelled to maintain that the tails arise from the atmospheres of the comets, notwithstanding the palpable difficulty that, when the comet has passed round the Sun and is leaving it, the tail then *goes before*, shooting forward often seventy degrees and upwards, right across the heavens, but always in a line on the opposite side of the Sun. Many of his opinions about the tails of comets are wild in the extreme, and it is really painful to observe to what lengths a great mind may be induced to wander in order to support one pet theory.

Sir Richard Phillips's theory of planetary motion is, we think, far more rational and consistent with facts. He argues most convincingly against the possibility of a universal vacuum, or the practical emptiness of the celestial spaces. We are sorry we have not room in this short paper even to mention the arguments advanced, many of which would be worthy of the present day, but the combustion of comets, the propagation of light, lunar volcanoes, and the mechanical connection of the parts of the universe, are all phenomena which require a fluid or gaseous medium.

As Newton's theory of light, called the "*Emissive or Corpuscular Theory*," is now universally abandoned in favour of the "*Vibratory or Undulatory Theory*," with space as a plenum, we need not dwell upon this subject, for such a conclusion is at once fatal to Newton's whole planetary system.

Phillips has proved by a variety of experiments that motion can be propagated through any gaseous medium, however rare, as readily and certainly as through a lever or rod of metal, with this difference, that whereas a fluid propagates the force to the right and left, and up and down, as well as onward, and consequently acts with power inversely as the square of the distance,—the metal rod conducts the whole power in a direct line.

Granting, therefore, that space is filled with a rare fluid, Phillips shows that the effect of the Sun's revolution on its axis would be to move this fluid around with it in a vortex to an indefinite distance, the greatest force being in the plane of the Sun's equator, and that all bodies freely floating in this fluid would re-act upon the Sun, and both would be carried round the fulcrum or centre of their mutual forces with velocities inversely as their masses, and in times as the square of their distance from the Sun, which agrees with the facts; and as we see that all the planets move round nearly in the plane of the Sun's equator, and all in the direction of the Sun's rotation on its axis, the truth of Sir Richard Phillips's theory seems evident and irresistible. The only argument of any force against it that we have met with is the fact that some of the comets have been observed to have a retrograde motion, that is, contrary to the direction of the Sun's rotation; but as these have

come into the solar system at a *great angle* of sometimes eighty degrees and upwards to the plane of the Sun's equator, and have probably never approached very near to the Sun, it is evident they do not belong to the solar system, but obey an impulse from some other sun or centre.

The elliptic form of the planetary orbits, and their eccentricities, may, we think, be mainly accounted for by their having to accommodate themselves to the solar fulcrum, the motion of the Sun around the common fulcrum being almost uniform, on account of his vastly preponderating mass, whilst the distances of the planets vary with their positions in their orbits in reference both to the Sun and the fulcrum. *and also to each other.*

The rotary motion of the Earth, together with the orbit motion, act upon the fluids in space, causing them to revolve around it in strata ranged according to density, and with velocity inversely as the squares of the distance; thus producing an atmosphere, and also carrying around it in an orbit the Moon, which floats in the fluids of space. This power of the two motions to condense an atmosphere would not extend, we suppose, very many miles upwards, especially above the polar latitudes; the forces would become exhausted as the distance from the Earth's surface increased, and the fluids of space beyond would probably be of a uniform density. The Moon it appears has no atmosphere, it having only a *slow monthly* rotation on its axis. The centripetal force upon the surface of a planet, and its consequent power to condense fluids into an atmosphere, would depend upon a true adjustment of orbital and rotary motion, which again depends upon the size and distance of the planet, for as the speed in its orbit depends upon its mean distance from the Sun, which is a fixed quantity dependent upon its density, it is evident that a sun or planet might be so extended in diameter that the centrifugal force, which increases in proportion to the distance from the centre of rotation, would overpower the centripetal force, and cause all fluids and light bodies to leave the surface, and fly off in a tangent to a certain distance determined by their density, the matter so thrown off would rotate around the parent body at a diminished speed, so adjusted as to balance the centripetal force of orbital motion. This perhaps we can illustrate by returning to the diagram on page 309. Let us suppose the diagonal lines near the equator to be iron rods projecting an indefinite distance upwards from the earth, and the balls to represent heavy bodies sliding freely thereon; then, if the balls be raised up from the earth, the velocity of rotation would increase, causing a corresponding increase in the centrifugal force, their weight would thus diminish until a point would be reached where gravity would cease, and there would be no tendency either to rise or fall; if raised above that point, the balls would then have a tendency to rise upwards with accumulating speed. Thus, you will observe, in a planetary body of excessive diameter there are two points where a heavy mass would cease to gravitate, namely, that point towards

the centre (as we mentioned when treating of gravity) where the velocity of rotation balances its density, and that point near the circumference where the centrifugal force would equal the centripetal. If, some distance above that point of equilibrium, the balls were allowed to slide off the rods, they would then continue to leave the Earth, whilst still revolving around it, until checked by the centripetal or progressive orbit motion, and the two forces, acting contrariwise upon the balls, would finally establish them as satellites at the exact mean distances from the Earth answering to the density of each.

If the matter so thrown off chanced to be of a very elastic nature, as water or sand, and evenly distributed over the surface of the planet, it would aggregate around the equator, and leave the planet in the form of a ring, of which Saturn is an example; but if the matter thus subjected to an excess of centrifugal force should be of a more solid description, it might accumulate on one side of the planet's equator, disturbing the centre of motion, until it finally broke off bodily from the parent, retreating to the distance required to effect a balance of the two ruling forces, and thus would become established as a regular satellite. If, again, the matter subjected to an excess of centrifugal force were of a nature inelastic, and also incapable of aggregating to one spot, it might form a large number of separate projections around the equator, which would become disengaged from the parent separately, or in groups, and would take up each its separate orbit, but all pursuing similar courses, at a nearly equal distance, because, having the same origin, they would necessarily be of nearly uniform density. The asteroids we take to be an illustration of this latter hypothesis.

The theory of Laplace, that the Sun at one time, in a partially nebulous state, filled the whole solar system, as far as the orbit of the most distant planet, has very much to recommend it, and we think it is quite reasonable to suppose that the combined action of two contrary forces produced by the rotation of the solar body and its motion through space, in other words, the centrifugal and centripetal forces, would cause a constant effort of adjustment in all the shifting portions of the Sun's mass, portions of which would be thrown off at intervals of time, as above described, until the Sun became so much reduced in size as to have no further tendency to a centrifugal excess. The same theory would, of course, also apply to the planets, and is moreover very strongly supported by the observations that have been made upon the nebulae, some of which appear now to be undergoing that process of condensation which we have supposed to have originally taken place in our Sun whilst throwing off his planetary bodies.

Sir Richard Phillips professes to have proved his positions, step by step, by mathematical calculations of the value of the various forces he deals with. We do not pretend to have followed him throughout, nor have we any right to hold him responsible for some of the applications of his principles which we have been

induced to make, some of which we *expect* to find assailable and imperfect. He first advanced his theory in 1818, when the disposition to idolize Sir Isaac Newton was, perhaps, at its height, and, as a matter of course, any effort to set up antagonistic principles would be received with the most violent opposition and ridicule. Even at this day, we fear, comparatively few will be sufficiently impartial to give his powerful reasoning the attention it deserves. When we find no less a person than Sir William Thomson, the president elect at the annual meeting at Edinburgh of the British Association, in his inaugural address, speaking of the "law of gravitation" as Newton's grandest discovery, we fear there is not much hope that men of science will yet open their eyes upon the subject; but we frequently observe, when any attempt is made by learned men in their writings to explain the principles of gravitation, and of planetary motions upon Newton's hypothesis, they soon get into difficulties, from which they generally contrive to escape by diverting the reader's attention, in bursts of laudation, to the transcendent merits of this idol of the scientific world, at whose shrine they so blindly worship.

That Newton was a mathematician of the very highest order we do not question, but as a theorist he was certainly very weak; and no wonder, for the qualifications required are opposite and rather incompatible, therefore seldom combined in one person. Whatever may be thought of Phillips's theories, we are quite convinced that *Newton's System of Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion* is destined to go the way of his theory of light at no very distant period; and the tremendous forces evolved by the rapid motions of the Earth must be accounted for in some way—certainly they cannot much longer be totally and systematically ignored as they are at present.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITIST.

A REPLY TO MR. CLAVAIROZ'S STRICTURES ON THE THEORY OF
RE-INCARNATION.

[The gentleman to whom it was addressed has handed us the following letter for publication.]

REMARKABLE MEDIUMSHIP.

To Mr. Gledstones.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You ask my opinion of the letter in which Mr. F. C. Clavaïroz attacks the dogma of Re-Incarnation. Miss Anna Blackwell also urges me to refute opinions she considers erroneous. This I will endeavour to do.

In the first place, Mr. Clavaïroz appears to me a great deal too dogmatic in his affirmations, and much too absolute in his attacks against those to whom he is opposed. There is nothing rigidly scientific either in his belief or in ours; experiments cannot be

scientifically controlled for want of a criterion; hitherto we have nothing more than a system of philosophy (more or less satisfying to reason) which has nothing to support it but tradition, and the information which the souls of those who have passed to the other side of life are willing to give us. Tradition is all in favour of re-incarnation. The Hindoos for fifteen or eighteen thousand years have based the whole of their religious system upon re-incarnation. Pythagoras, Plato, most of the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome taught that consoling belief, and I wish I had sufficient space to quote some lines of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, where Virgil has charmingly shown the beauty of this doctrine in the most sublime poetry. Our ancestors, the Gauls, were still more affirmative; they did not believe in death, whence came that indomitable courage which so astonished the Romans themselves.

Finally, Jesus Christ announced to his disciples that John the Baptist was Elias re-incarnated (Matt. xi. 14), and if he does not affirm re-incarnation more definitely—if he is satisfied with continually repeating that no one can gain the kingdom of heaven unless he be first born again, it is because he was addressing men to whom Moses had neglected to speak of the soul and of the future life, and because he treated them as one does patients who have been operated on for cataract, in only admitting light to them slowly and by degrees for fear of blinding them.

Allow me now to give the reasons which have induced me to believe as firmly as I do in the dogma of re-incarnation. You know, my dear friend, that what I am about to say is true, having had yourself personal proof of it.

I had for a long time laughed at and fought against Spiritism, but, like St. Paul on the way to Damascus, I was converted. I had never been willing to go to Allan Kardec's, I had never read any of his books, I did not know any medium by sight even, when Spiritism, against which I was resolutely closing my door, completely invaded my house, entering by window and chimney, and every opening and crack.

I had with me a person whom I will only designate by an initial letter, for she has as great a desire to live in the silent shade as others have to be brought prominently forward. On the 22nd of June, 1860, after some violent mental suffering, Madame L. fell into a strange state, which made us fear for her life or her reason. One of the extraordinary peculiarities of her malady was that she was occasionally struck dumb. With teeth contracted and closed lips, she was unable to speak. Then she wrote but in a kind of extra-lucid somnambulic state. She prescribed for herself and all her friends, foretold acute crises, of long intervals of four or five months, which would attack her, and which never failed to happen on the day and hour announced. Every night this persistent dumbness took possession of her, and in the morning a power which she could not resist drove her from her bed, and, seated at her table, for the space of three or four hours she wrote with an

astounding rapidity, without ever stopping to find a word or an idea. It was an open tap, whence inspiration flowed in an uninterrupted current. She was living two existences entirely different, and when she regained the power of speech she retained neither memory nor consciousness of what she had written. This lasted seven years, during which time Madame L. wrote a little more than twenty thousand pages. Among them there are a hundred tales and romances either sketched or finished; a treatise on hygiene; the history of her life, illness, and intellectual development; a treatise on natural religion; a kind of genesis called the "Plant;" an essay upon Liberty—these are mixed with formulas and receipts of all sorts, given in a most unexpected manner: how to produce truffles nearly everywhere, accompany a sure method to abolish corns and bunions; the secret of curing disease of the chest, with a sovereign opiate to avoid neuralgia in the teeth, ulcers in the tongue, and the falling of the gums; a process to restore to health all the silkworms in the world; after which was given a pommade to prevent the hair falling, with another to prevent it becoming white; a remedy to prevent madness, another to cure it; a preparation intended to give a smoothness hitherto unknown to ladies' hands, arms, and shoulders. One finds a thousand secrets of this kind, occasioned no doubt by the wants, the conversations, and accidents of the day, written on the morrow. After these things there would often be written such as follows:—The higher spirits gone before, and purified by transformation, take possession of me and say, "These things are revealed to you, simple in spirit and knowledge, because, knowing nothing and having no preconceived ideas on these subjects, you are the more capable of assimilating the ideas of others. If I have been able to cure any sufferer, let no one ever speak of it or thank me, for it is not my doing—I only say what I am told. I am not a lady, but a soul awakening to the cry of sufferings, and remembering it no more after relief has been given." Among this immense literary medley, there were 334 pages which had been written in seven mornings, from the 27th November to the 3rd December, 1864, bearing the title—*Unity*. It was a little philosophical romance, in which Madame L. glanced at, in passing, all the highest questions which continually so properly occupy the attention of mankind. I took it and gave it a more literary form than it could be expected to have, considering the rapid nature of its improvisation. According to the orders received, I published it under my name, with a title more comprehensible to the public—"The Romance of the Future." Since then I have published, coming from the same source, "*Louise Herbert*," "*Memoir of a Vendean Curé*," and the "*Déclassés*." They are, however, only ordinary novels, except that they have a tone of morality which, unfortunately, one does not find in the generality of French novels.

Thus, having been an historian during the principal part of my life—after having published the "*History of the Peasants*," "*France under Louis XIV.*," "*La Vendée in 1793*," "*Les Dragonades under*

Louis XIV.," etc.—I became a romance writer when I was approaching old age. At all events, what we call chance caused the "Romance of the Future" to fall into the hands of Allan Kardec, who praised it very highly in the "Revue Spirite." He was greatly surprised to find all the principles which he had affirmed in his works taught in this book in a most attractive form. A friend sent a number of this review to me in the country, where I then was, and in this manner I learnt that I had been dealing in Spiritism without knowing it. On my return to Paris, I paid Kardec a visit to thank him, and thus I made the acquaintance of him whom I replaced at his death as "President of the Société Parisienne des Etudes Spirites."

I think I may speak of the "Romance de L'avenir" with a certain amount of liberty, seeing that the foundation is not mine—I only put it into shape. This book then has for me, I must confess, the importance of a revelation, inasmuch as it was written by a person entirely unconscious of what she wrote, the ideas being neither hers nor mine, nor were they the recollection of anything read, or of exterior influence. Madame L. did not claim any merit, affirming that she was only the secretary of Channing, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, who made use of her hand to rectify and complete what they had said during their residence on earth. When mediums are collected together to make evocations, there may be, without their knowledge, a transmission of thought among them and those who surround them, when it is possible that what they write may be sometimes the result of ideas hatched in their own brains. Not knowing how that is, I only say it may be so. It may happen also that when evocations are too frequently made, the spirits are not always at our orders—that others than those we evoke come to us and deceive us; that we get into a state of intellectual erethism, and obtain nothing but the reflection of our own thoughts. Here there is nothing of that kind, my medium is always isolated, the most complete solitude being necessary for her. She would never consent to evoke; she always wrote in spite of herself, strenuously resisting all the time. I have seen her angrily rebel against this compulsory work to which she was sentenced for seven years. Here then there was no exterior influence, or preconceived idea, no desire to triumph in seeing opinions confirmed, for what came through her was often quite contrary to her own notions, and indeed frequently clashed against her most cherished belief. Now, in all these pages, written in such an independent spirit, the dogma of the eternity of life, that is to say, pre-existence and re-incarnation, is affirmed in the most persistent manner. For instance, this is what was dictated to Madame L. the 23rd December, 1865:—

"For the souls of those who are incarnated on this earth for the first time, it will be either a hell or a paradise, according as to whether their faults have cast them down from superior planets, or whether they have already undergone the work of purification in

inferior planets, but for all it is more or less a purgatory. Not having done as yet either good or evil, the tie alone of human solidarity connects them to their brothers. But in order to be able to return to this earth as spirits, they must have already inhabited it in the flesh, and left in their passage an ineffaceable mark. Time and space do not exist in the immensity of the worlds. Purified by their successive transformations, and either having recovered from their fall or continuing their upward course, they come to us yielding to this desire of universal brotherhood inherent in human nature. These visits from beyond the tomb are a pleasure to them, as well as to us; they come back improved to us, because they are progress personified, or at least the germs of a progress which will develop itself by the co-operation of our will and intelligence."

This is the reason, my dear friend, why I personally am a reincarnationist. That theory has been enunciated to me in a manner which seems to present an appearance of the most perfect sincerity, and of the most elevated inspiration. I believe in it, moreover, because I have not as yet met with any doctrine which can more fully satisfy my heart and reason, inasmuch as it appears to me more logical and consoling—more deeply moral than any other, because it justifies God and Nature, and affords an explanation of all those things which otherwise remain obscure and inexplicable.

But let us guard against intolerance and dogmatism on this subject, which cannot be supported by any rigorous scientific and mathematical demonstration. Let us be careful not to criticise too bitterly men of good faith, who are seeking truth in a different road to what we are following—let us guard, above all, against condemning too severely those whose belief is not exactly the same as ours.

I consider then that Mr. Clavaïroz errs through a little too much presumption, in reproaching us with this *torrent of errors* under whose flood what he considers to be the true light runs the risk of being extinguished. I am afraid that it is he who is wrong. That question the future alone, and the most searching study, will be able to decide. In the meanwhile, let us each, on our side, investigate without quarrelling. If there be but one truth, there are many ways leading to it. The principal thing is to acknowledge it when found.—I shake, cordially, both your hands.

EUGENE BONNEMERE, *President de la Société
Parisienne des Etudes Spiritistes.*

THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.*

A NORMAL and healthy activity in the spiritual nature of man is the harbinger of true progress. When mankind sink deep in selfish-

* *The Spiritual Pilgrim*—a Biography of James M. Peebles. By J. O. Barrett.
"My name is 'Pilgrim'; my religion is love; my home is the universe; my soul-

ness and sensuality, and schemes for personal advancement and social reform are no longer visible—when industry and the sciences decay, and physical indolence and intellectual indifference flourish—when art and literature hide their heads before gaudy grossness and meretricious vulgarity—when wealth is no longer a growing power, but is squandered to minister to the vilest purposes—when government and religion are trades at which privileged classes fatten, while the people welter in ignorance and crime—then the herald of spiritual truth cries aloud in the wilderness of moral being, Prepare ye the way for a better form of life—then a shaking of the dry bones is heard, and man again awakens to the consciousness of his true position in the scale of being. It has been asked, What is the use of Spiritualism?—why occupy your thoughts with that which is not bread, nor the means of coining money? It is not an animal necessity of human life, and hence asks man from the plane of his animal consciousness, Why trouble with it?—of what use is it to me?

We have only to look back to the days of boyhood to see that society is capable of progress. Old institutions really do pass away. Even our boyish thoughts and earlier convictions have been obliterated and superseded by a brighter light and a clearer conception. We have been “born again” repeatedly, and calmly anticipate numberless “re-incarnations.” What has produced all this gratifying progress? What has raised man from the crouching savage to the noble *civilizée*? What has placed the lofty diadem of intellect upon thy brow, and rescued thee from the prowling helplessness of an adolescent childhood? We answer: Spiritual light—that bright stream of intelligence from the interior which illuminates the external clay, and brings human consciousness into joyous sympathy with higher and yet higher forms of thought and action.

The Spiritual Pilgrim, then, is the greatest benefactor of his race. He stirs up and removes the turbid accumulations which intercept the flow of Divine wisdom into the external sensorium. Inspired with the higher life, he communicates its afflatus to receptive natures, and permeates the soil of mind with the richest fertilising influences. He excites an irresistible enthusiasm, or consciousness of renewed strength and exuberant youthfulness of mental feeling. The awakened mind is at first uncontrollable and frolicsome, like the hilarious boy in his thoughtless gambols. The inspired mind rushes into all sorts of extremes and eccentricities, glorying in strength and liberty. Presently, however, the more practical form

effort is to educate and elevate humanity.” Boston: W. White and Co., *Banner of Light* Office; London: J. Burns, Spiritual Institution. Published at 7s. 6d.; offered to the purchasers of *Human Nature* for the present month for 5s.; post free 5s. 6d. It is a handsome volume, illustrated with a fine steel portrait of Mr. Peebles, by Thomas Sherratt. The binding is elegant, and embellished with an emblematical design in gold, the production of an imprisoned convict. A large quantity of the work has been sold in this country, but Mr. Peebles grants a special concession to his friends in facilitating an arrangement for its being offered to the readers of *Human Nature* at the above reduced price.

of action sets in, and elevated and invigorated, the intellect commences to prepare for itself circumstances congenial with its new tastes and aspirations.

This is the truth which has to be impressed upon the century—a truth which is to form the basic element of anthropological science, and the strongest lever in the hands of the philanthropist and social reformer: man, the spiritual being, must be improved and elevated through the spirit, the mainspring of his nature—not by the mere extension of his power of intellectual comprehension, or what may be called the digestive apparatus of the mind, but by the active development of those prehensile members of mentality whereby new elements of thought-food are acquired and brought within reach of the assimilative organs of the intellect. We do not mean shadowy imaginations and metaphysical ideas, but facts—facts reaching up into new realms of being, and beyond into wider circumferences and conditions. That modern Spiritualism has been more rife in such results than any other movement within the memory of modern history, every one who has participated in its inspiring influence can honestly affirm. This is the secret of its growth, and of the fidelity and devotion with which its true children cling to it as to the maternal bosom. It feeds, it protects, it enlarges, and refines the individual. As a system it has given rise to a new race of teachers—men depending not so much upon the nutritive richness of their blood, the brute strength of their bodies, and the multiplicity of their academical honours, as upon organic peculiarities, endowing them with the power of receiving into their personal sphere influences from higher sources and communicating these to their brethren around them. Here is a function of mind, an attribute of organisation, which is beyond the present limitations of the anthropologist and metaphysician. Yet, is it therefore false? Is it not rather pre-eminently a human quality, an exalted attribute, a distinct feature, whereby the mental power is discreted from inferior forms of organisation?

Of this new race of teachers J. M. Peebles may be regarded as a well-defined example. Derived from an ancestry which formerly existed in Scotland and Ireland, he is himself a native of a rugged district in New England, a country which in a few generations served to transform its colonists into a new ethnic type. Of the probable causes which lead to this change, we may refer the student of Man to an article on Mr. Peebles, and his phrenological delineation, in the July number of *Human Nature*, 1870. With such reference we may pass by any further allusion to the subject of this article personally, and briefly notice his biography, recently published by William White & Company, of Boston. As a book, its manner is as peculiar as its subject. The author, J. O. Barrett, a very dear friend of Mr. Peebles, has a style of writing which is, perhaps, unique in itself. Most readers heartily dislike it to begin with, but, after the perusal of a few chapters, become quite enraptured therewith, feeling that they have made the

acquaintance of a new friend, with very distinct and trustworthy peculiarities.

We need not follow the author of the story and tell how Mr. Peebles was not made of the stuff for a business man—how he graduated in Calvinism, developed into Universalism, and ultimately ripened into Spiritualism. As a teacher of the latter philosophy he has travelled over all portions of the United States. Many who read this will remember his visit to this country, his lectures in London, and his successful provincial tours. He also passed through France, Italy, and Turkey, to a consular appointment at Trebizond, on the Black Sea. He again visited England last year with Elder Frederick of the Shakers, and now we hear that he is on the point of departure for Australia, from whence he will make his way through India and Western Asia to Europe again.

Wherever Mr. Peebles goes, he cannot fail to do good, not so much as an intellectual leader, cramming the mind of his audience with facts—hard, dry, and disconnected—and philosophy which never saved a soul from hating its brother, but in diffusing that principle of love and tendency to seek better social conditions, which sanctify all facts, and reduce philosophy to the practical necessities of life. This is the charm of Mr. Peebles's teaching. He makes those who come within his influence feel that all men are brothers, and that absolute righteousness manifested in love to one's neighbour is the sole duty of life; that life is not a dreary pilgrimage, rendering intellect the servant of man's animal instincts, but rather that "hand in hand with angels," man traverses the weary round of earth-life, gathering the pearls of experience at every step, and, with his treasures thus acquired, is introduced into the next higher scale of organic being. Without any creed or dogma, and yet imperceptibly in harmony with every form of religious belief, Mr. Peebles insinuates these glorious truths, making men forget that they require sectic distinctions, or statements of intellectual position, in order to be good brothers and sisters, and obedient children of the Infinite Father. How our friend can for years travel, lecture, and write with such a small stock of vitality, would puzzle the theories of the physiologist. The question must be solved on other grounds. Being highly inspirational, and fitted to receive the aid of genial associations and the positive influences of the spirit-world, he is made the instrument, so to speak, through which human forces and spiritual intelligences are concentrated, and then diffused upon those who compose his audiences and social surroundings.

This biography is one of the most interesting that the Spiritualist, philosophical reformer, or, indeed, any earnest truth-loving mind could get hold of. It is more than a mere personal history. It is a comprehensive philosophy of human life, with hundreds of illustrations, in all departments of thought and action. It is, as it were, a panorama of individual development from the incipient germ, through all its gradations and ramifications to the widest manifestations of cosmopolitanism. A great number of English readers will

find their names quoted in this pleasing book, which seems to have a personal reference to almost everybody. In America, and other parts of the world, the same kindly references will be more frequently met with; but, perhaps, the central attraction of the work is the wonderful experiences in spirit-communion which several of its chapters specially unfold, not only through his own mediumship, but especially through that of Dr. Dunn, a young man, rescued by Mr. Peebles from a vagrant life, but who is now one of the most useful exponents of the dawning philosophy of this age. Through this gifted medium Mr. Peebles has enjoyed some very peculiar experiences in connection with the spirit-world. The following extract is a memorable instance:—

“ASCENSION INTO THE CELESTIAL HEAVENS.

“Not long after this visit, the medium was deeply entranced, the body seemingly dead, pulseless. A momentary blank, and he found himself standing beside his body—a very spirit clothed in shining garments—when his guide, appearing, said, ‘Now, you will accompany us.’ They went south-east, towards the tropical lands of morning; spiritually, the love-life of truth; and at length reached a real world of busy populations, and in their rapid journey, caught glimpses of lakes of the most enchanted beauty, forests teeming with fruits, gardens in bloom, mountains encircled with prismatic clouds, that dropped down fragrant showers upon the prolific valleys, and crystal rivers, roseate with flowers, and redolent with the music of birds; the inhabitants industrious, beautiful, and happy; a conscious harmony of ambition actuating every one to make those homes most beautiful and sunny. Charmed and electrified with such atmospheres and scenes, he arrived safe and invigorated at the residence of Aaron Nite, where he was required to change his garments for something more ethereal. Properly vested, they ascended, piercing those atmospheres and terraces of light, till in the distance they discerned a brilliantly white sphere, that opened at length, when there stood before them two men and two women, clothed in purple robes, their countenances radiant with serenity of soul, and bearing in their hands flower wreaths of varied form, hue, and fragrance.

“‘I will go with these four spirits,’ said the guide, ‘while the rest of our circle will have to return.’

“Separating, the medium queried why that was necessary. The question in thought was immediately answered by the spirits in accord, the voice of one being the opinion of all:—

“‘Because their spiritual bodies are not sufficiently ethereal. The laws of instincts are moral gravitations here: we can go only where minds are one in affection. There is truth in the parable with which our friend and fellow-pilgrim is familiar. The one who had not on the wedding-garment, being on a lower plane, could not remain. They must first evolve from holier affection this higher sphere, ere they can find this rest. You, dear brother, could not advance one step with us, did we not weave around you our aura—the vestment of angel-love. Guard well thy mediumship, if thou wouldst behold the glories to come!’

“Taking the medium’s hand, they approached a forest of surpassing loveliness, bordering which was a fountain, its banks adorned with sensitive flowers; for they reverently bowed as the spirits passed. Reaching the fountain, they found it three-graded, dashing a rain-bowed spray, having colours no earthly art can picture, or sunbeams paint in the cloud. In this the medium was baptised; and a sister spirit gave him a nectar to drink.

The spray of this 'Fountain of Purity,' as it was called, inspirited him with a hallowed feeling.

"'Be calm now,' said the guide, 'for we are approaching the sphere celestial of that immortal teacher for whom we have the most profound reverence.'

"Journeying onward amid new scenes, philosophising by the way, the band paused, saying—

"'We can go no farther: other guides must now take you in charge.'

"Six spirits appeared, led by 'Queen of Morn,' all clothed in white, having golden girdles clasping their robes, and enflowering wreaths on their foreheads, with beauty of form and expression known only in immortal lands. Throwing a soft electric light around the medium, and giving him a 'white vesture' like their own, they passed to an imposing mansion, arch on arch, glowing with splendour, aflash with living mottoes. Dome upon dome, circle encircling circle—east, west, north, south—all lit up with glory. High above the rest was a tower, consecrated to the fine arts. A door opening, they entered, and were greeted by a teacher of music, who said she had sung often to her 'pilgrim brother.' Here were musical instruments of strange construction, giving melodies such as angels only can execute; and sculpture and painting by artists long since departed from our world. Ascending a spiral stairway, they entered a department consecrated to science, poetry, and wisdom, where venerable sages were conversing with their pupils in the most soul-fraught enthusiasm. After inspecting all these attractions, the guide beckoned him to follow, and led him up spirally to a lofty dome, adorned with paintings and statues of ancient seers and sages; among which were those of the Nazarene, with a burning star over his forehead, and of the apostles, occupying niches in fine view, each having a sentiment encircling overhead significant of his mission. Translated, they read thus:—

"SIMON PETER—'*Wisdom is to be sought of God.*'"

"ANDREW—'*Christ the Corner-Stone.*'"

"JAMES—'*Let thy Prayers be unto all Men.*'"

"JOHN—'*Charity is the rule of God's Judgment.*'"

"PHILIP—'*The Truth giveth Freedom to the Soul.*'"

"BARTHOLOMEW—'*Righteousness is the Glory of All.*'"

"THOMAS—'*Knowledge expels all Doubt.*'"

"JAMES, SON OF ALPHEUS—'*The Truth that dwelleth in us shall be in us for ever.*'"

"MATTHEW—'*God's Mercy is over All, and to All.*'"

"THADDEUS—'*The good Shepherd is alike mindful of all his Flock.*'"

"SIMON—'*The Tree that hath no Root shall wither away.*'"

"JUDAS—'*Fulfilment of the Law.*'"

"Here also was a rich library of ancient dialects, religious and philosophic. Many of the books were set in circular, moveable cases, easy of access, by simply whirling the library round in search of the books sought. Near one of these, at a table, sat the celestial guide—the loving disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, clothed in a white robe, glittering like burnished silver. His look was grandeur itself; calm in gravity, the same love-nature, swayed more by wisdom, that seemed as a light and glow of a heavenly sun. Though easy in manner as a child, persuasive and musical in tone of voice, there was an apparent, graceful reserve, inspiring reverence, that prevented any hasty approach. He recognised the medium and his relation with our pilgrim, and held a most happy conversation with his guide respecting the wisest methods of spirit-control. This mansion, or temple, seemed to be a great central battery for spirits and mortals. The medium's

guide had served in the capacity of a spirit psychologist for many years ; and to him the spirits there assembled appealed as to an oracle for conclusive measures. Their earnestness upon the subject of mediumship was most serious and fervent, knowing as they did that it is pregnant with the most sacred hopes of all worlds. 'What can be done to avert so many abuses? what to institute better conditions? what to inaugurate more spiritual and fraternal governments on earth?' were among the practical questions for solution. During the conversation of John with this guide about this all-absorbing theme, allusion was made to our Pilgrim, as well as to others, stating that his organic sphere is receptive of influence from that temple; that 'John and James blend in affection:' and he would impress his brother of earth not so direct, but mainly through the mediumship of associated spirits, projecting upon his brain a loving thought, whenever the social conditions demand, the better to reach souls that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness.' Then, as if his words were direct, this beloved spirit said, in language so oft-repeated, so lute-like in sweetness, to our pilgrim—
"All these shall be thine, child, when thou art worthy. To him that overcometh is the promise of the blessed inheritance."

TANGIBILITY OF SPIRIT FORMS.

By J. B. LOOMIS, NEW YORK.

AN article in one of the New York journals, referring to certain recent phases of spiritual manifestations, states that "in Oswego, New York, a blind girl is made the agency by which the spirits assume form and likeness; while in this city, but more especially in Moravia, New York, they have been able to materialise themselves so far as to be not only distinctly visible, but also able to speak."

A great misapprehension seems to exist in regard to the nature of these cases, and to the matter of fact involved. Not questioning the occurrence of many circumstances as related, I wish to call attention to, and urge a closer investigation of this subject, in order to ascertain more clearly the principles upon which these and kindred phenomena are based, and thus acquire a better understanding of their nature, and the object for which they persistently recur.

The subject before us for consideration is one of philosophical inquiry, rather than argument to meet the wants of the bereaved and sorrowing. It is therefore addressed to thinkers, to investigators, and those interested in the correlations of matter and spirit. Too long have people been led by curiosity in this matter, and the minds of many have been invariably too much absorbed by the phenomena to study calmly the beautiful philosophy which underlies the novelty and wonder involved.

It is evident to any mind accustomed to study phenomena, and especially such as occur or originate in the hidden or the interior recesses of Nature, that resort must be had to new and yet deeper methods of analysis in chemical physics than any heretofore in use; that, if we would with certainty reach the grand truth occulted by the sublimation and ascent of matter through atoms up to sensitised ultimates or essences, a deeper insight must be employed, a

more penetrating research must be instituted, than has yet been made by scientists in all their investigations during times past.

The phenomena which occur in the atomic or essence realm—in that unexplored realm of unparticled matter, which bears analogous relations to dense and tangible matter that the invisible actinic rays bear to the sensible solar spectrum (and which unparticled matter is a phase of spirit), demand, I repeat, analyses commensurate with such ethereal elements—investigations of an order not yet practised in the schools of research.

Evidently science deals mostly with visible matter—that extreme of entity which is palpable to the senses, which has density or form; while the harmonial philosophy deals with the same matter in a vastly different form, the opposite extreme of the same entity, matter in its translated or ascended condition—a condition advanced above the molecular, and often above the atomic state; in short, it deals with unparticled matter. This is too nearly akin to soul to be reached by ordinary chemical agents. Therefore science knows little or nothing of this realm as a substantial reality, simply because it ever eludes the coarse, formal, and materialistic methods of research employed, in the same manner that life and soul have and ever will elude the scalpel.

Scientific investigations fail to get out of, or beyond, massed or the molecular phases of matter; and, consequently, at this point, ordinary research is utterly blank, and its methods are futile. The chemistry of the schools ceases, its limit is attained, as we make exit from the molecular realm, and enter this realm of essences—as we reach the dividing line between the ponderable and imponderable, or, rather, between so-called matter and spirit. Beyond this line is an *infinite* domain, and in it lie inexhaustible resources, perfected and potentialised elements, sequestered because refined atoms—all which will challenge the everlasting investigations and study of the “coming chemist.” The *savans* of the present day have as yet hardly discovered that this utterly boundless realm exists.

Atoms that have once been selected by the sentient loom of principles, which builds the living human organism, and which have been woven into its fabric and held in its community of elements, vitalised, breathed upon by the divine breath of its spirit, never lose superiority over the original atoms not thus breathed upon, even when these atoms are released and again cast forth into the boundless ocean whence they came. In this way they not only have acquired a vast superiority over atoms not thus humanised or interwoven—which have not sustained this close relationship to the human spirit—but, furthermore, they never lose their acquired magnetism, or their improved celerity or susceptibility to affinitise, acquired also in this relation. The powers and energies of primary atoms are enhanced a thousand-fold, and permanently so, before they are dismissed from the human constitution; former *electrical* states become exalted to permanent *magnetic* relations; and we

hardly recognise in their new and potentialised chemism the same elements after their liberation. This magnetism, with which these atoms are now charged, can only be imparted by this perfect and most intimate association in the human structure, where these permanent polarities are acquired by virtue of nearness to, and residence with the immortal spirit.

The human organism is constantly receiving accessions of new atoms in the process of rebuilding or recuperation, and is as constantly evolving in a vastly improved state those atoms which have been long enough in its organic association to become thus advanced or perfected. I do not here refer to atomic exhalations from living or decaying *animal* bodies, or to those of the *vegetable* kingdom, for these atoms are not yet sublimed or perfected. These still belong to the material realm, and remain held by its affinities to be worked over in the planet's economy, and in their progress prepared to rebuild the compound human structure. They are not yet potentialised as they are destined to be after they have been woven into the fabric of the human vitality. Essences born at the expense of or by the decay of these humanised molecules are eternal atoms, exhaling to part company for ever with this tangible phase of matter, which atoms as yet are entire strangers to the material chemist.

In an audience, these automic emanations of various qualities are often in great abundance. In them are found all "elements," for these emanations represent the totality of the physical man—the entire microcosm—and this is an epitome of the universe; so that vitalised atoms of nearly all qualities and for all purposes are at hand. Some elements, however, may not be in sufficient abundance proportionately for the purpose required—are not available by reason of temperament or of individual conditions, causing temporary inharmony in polarity of atoms, or of some elements being withheld by mental or physical infirmities. In such cases the successful production of tangible "spirit forms," or fragmentary shapes expected to appear, cannot be effected; nothing in the way of this kind of manifestation can be done.

Now, when manifestations like those at Alton, Oswego, or Moravia, New York, are produced, the synthetic chemists of the other life "electrify," or otherwise control a great profusion of these evolving or sublimated atoms—enough to form when condensed a visible hand or arm. The atoms which are to compose it have *once been humanised*, and consequently have a thousand-fold greater affinity, atomic, and molecular motion, than corresponding atoms on the material side which have not thus been humanised; and, having once been associated in the form of an arm, as before observed, most readily take this form again when marshalled into action and order by the energetic will and methods of the unseen chemical synthesist. In a moment, with the quickness of electricity, it may be, these atoms are again dismissed into "thin air."

The remarkable rapidity with which these tangible forms are

produced is due to the advanced or perfected condition of the elements engaged—to the high degree of sublimation attained by these atoms in the human alembic of refinement. The utter silence attending the formation and dispersion, is due not only to the perfected nature of the atoms and the management of their affinities, but also to the exalted phase of the magnetic element employed, which element is a million times more refined than electricity or magnetism as popularly understood, and is proportionally as far within the boundaries of the nature of external sound; for it is a principle that the deeper we penetrate into the hidden realms of nature, the more profound is the silence of her workings—the less jar and noise there are to reach the external ear.

The formations just referred to are of a transient nature, because the atoms or essences cannot long be forcibly held by the unseen operator, and a successful experiment requires more trained skill and knowledge of elements, and a better combination of circumstances than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Hence a failure of manifestation does not necessarily prove the whole thing to be a trick or fraud.

Now it is evident that these productions are far from being the *veritable* arm, or face, or person of a *spiritual* being—not a portion of the body now worn eternally by a spirit-friend, as is generally supposed, and as stated in the article referred to; in other words, not the spiritual body or soul. Spiritualised matter (*uncondensed*) can only be seen with the spiritual sight. The presentations referred to as occurring at Moravia, New York, *are seen by the multitude*, and as individuals of a mixed multitude cannot all be seers—not all equally clairvoyant at the time, the inference is that they all see matter and not spirit in these formations. Hence the beings of the higher life have by no means “materialised *themselves*” as is stated—have not manifested “*their own face or arm*,” as the case may be, but some chemical synthesist, who can condense atoms and mould them, has effected a transient formation, which resembles not always the person expected or known even, but modelled some individual departed from us, whom he could most easily represent under the circumstances. When these aggregations of etherealised atoms do present a model which is unmistakably recognised, a great and valuable success has been attained. In either case such model, or projection, rightly understood, has an inestimable value, a broad humanitarian purpose in view, teaching all conditions of mind, as nothing else can teach—that this planet-nursery is not the measure of our existence.

These chemists, or whatever they may be termed, are not necessarily in the room as stated; they may not even be in its immediate vicinity. They can produce these effects, *when once the magnetic line is established*, from an immense distance, so self-centred and coherent is this all-penetrating line, and so absolutely do vitalised and perfected atoms obey the behests of law, controlled by the will of the ascended philanthropic operators. It is very true these chemical

operators *may* be near by the effects produced, but not necessarily. To all intents and purposes, they *are* standing where the performance occurs, as, to all intents and purposes, the telegraphic operator stands near by to give you his dispatch, though in person he may be hundreds of miles away.

When an unrecognised formation is presented, it is designed, by its unusual occurrence, to call public as well as individual attention to it; and the selectest attention of *savans* as well as others ought in all justice to be given it, regardless of the charge of unworthiness—the usual cry of ignorance and prejudice. Must the new orbs that glitter in the deep heavens of truth be shut out of our telescope by an intermeddling and crucifying public opinion still?

The grand object at which the ascended aim in producing these material projections is, to establish the sublime fact of immortality—to answer the question, “If a man die, shall he live again?” These wonderful evolutions from the spiritual realm presuppose intelligence and skill behind them, and no other inference, with loyalty to reason, can be drawn than an affirmative answer to this mightiest of all questions.

Curiosity is not the highest attribute of our spiritual nature; and after the fact of immortality is once established in the mind—as these things only can establish it—let us not profane the sanctuary of reason by being constantly led by curiosity for details, in persistently asking those of the higher life about trivial matters, ordinary affairs, or perishable things or sentiments, as is too often the case. Herein a great mistake is made, and the door unwisely opened for troublesome contradictions. These emanate from the sphere of opinions existing in the other life, as well as in this. Let us drop an unwise curiosity, therefore, when once this proof of immortal existence is fully obtained; waive questions that we ourselves may answer by earnest study and careful thought; modestly omit persistent teasing at the very door of this great conviction, and work out subsequently by ourselves, through intelligence, reason, and philosophical study, more than oracles can give, and all the truth and wisdom that we can with benefit entertain. In this light the problem of our immortal career and a better knowledge of our future surroundings having in part been reached and solved by our own endeavours, our faith will grow with a diviner truth and a more lasting harmony.—*Banner of Light.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN LETTER.

(To the Editor of *Human Nature.*)

In a previous letter I mentioned the desperate effort made by certain individuals to subsidise Spiritualism, and employ its great and

acknowledged power for political purposes. At first the movement gave indications of success; but the selfish ambition of its leaders became too transparent, and many of their most devoted followers were disgusted and deserted their lead. Mrs. Woodhull, after gaining the Presidency of the American Association of Spiritualists, promulgated a "Message," declaring war against the Government, unless the elective franchise was granted to women within the year. She carried the idea of the aggressive character of Spiritualism into the Woman's Rights Convention at Washington, proclaiming herself its standard-bearer. How miserably her scheme of making Spiritualism a pack-horse for this movement failed, is shown by the Call for the "Steinway Hall Convention," and wherein all reforms are mentioned *except Spiritualism*. At that meeting the superior wisdom of the leading women decided not to make a nomination for the Presidency, but carry on the discussion on the basis of principles. A faction became disgusted at this measure, and seceded to another hall, where Mrs. Woodhull was duly nominated for the Chief Magistracy, although ineligible to that office by our laws, and to carry forward the political campaign, bonds were issued payable when she occupied the Presidential chair! These bonds are fraudulent on their face; for admitting the nominee may be elected, by what right can the President redeem them from the public treasury? They are as truly rebel issue as those of the Southern Confederacy. Every true spiritualist, who has the interest of the cause near his heart, must feel grateful that, before this wild fiasco, Spiritualism was entirely severed therefrom. The drift of public sentiment is indicated in many ways. Two Spiritual journals, the *Crucible* and the *Present Age*, strenuously advocated the necessity of Spiritualism entering the political arena, and sustained Mrs. Woodhull in her social theories, and her claims to the Presidency of the United States. Neither survived the pressure. The *Present Age* has been absorbed by Tilton's paper, which never committed itself, ardent as its editor advocated, in his "Biography of Mrs. Woodhull," her Presidential claims. He has now endorsed a candidate who even opposes "woman's rights," and appears oblivious of the existence of the woman he arrayed in the deceptive garb of poetry.

The *Banner of Light*, at first apparently favourable, has become reticent, and the masterly manner in which Mr. A. E. Newton has ground to dust, and blown away the last vestige of the notorious "Steinway Hall speech," elicits applause from its thousands of readers.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has from the first opposed the movement, and sought to stay the tide which threatened to array Spiritualism in behalf of a political faction, which, if defeated, as defeated it must be, would cover it with disgrace. Spiritualism is the friend of no clique or party whatsoever. It absorbs the good from all, and is the just and unswerving arbiter of all. It is like the sunlight, penetrating everywhere, vivifying everything, yet unaffected by the substance it illuminates.

I mentioned what I considered the great mistake in organisation made in the beginning, which has led to the deplorable results of the year. I again advert to the subject, hoping that the friends in England may profit by our painful experience. The absurdity of a *delegated Convention*, the delegates to which have no power to act for the societies that send them, is everywhere acknowledged. The "American Association" is felt to be a farce. The question arises, How shall such central organisation be constituted? The trouble is, the builders began at the top instead of the base; they builded a dome before a column was in place to support it. Until *local societies* were strong, there is no need of a central body, and such *local societies* could not be made compact and utilised, because of the excessive individuality of their component members. As organised, their local societies have been masses of sand, without any expressed statement of belief, any fixed object, or binding membership. They have been mere lecture committees. The fear of a creed, or of binding articles has been so intense, that no one who applied for membership could be rejected, and however reprehensible their lives, could they be censured or expelled, unless they themselves requested their names removed. The ill results from such an association are readily foreseen, and need not be exemplified in detail. They have forced more stringent rules of organisation, awakened Spiritualists to the necessity of enunciating a platform of belief, and a law of membership which shall protect the society from imposition, and preserve its unity. The *Spiritualist Union*, of Boston, leads in this wise movement. They have published a statement of principles which they endorse as representing their present views; and members are admitted by vote, and expelled in the same manner. Associations on the same plan are springing up in many other places, and from them good results are to be expected. The puerile fear of being fettered by a creed is passing away. A creed is simply a statement of belief. There is no danger in such statement—that lies in claiming for it infallibility.

Mr. Lees, of Cleveland, has published a "Catechism" for the children of the Lyceum. A few years ago it would have received bitter rebuke, but public sentiment has met with so great a change, that the children quietly study its pages, or commit its admirable answers to memory. We have learned that if Spiritualism would accomplish its true and noble mission, it must have its fundamental principles clearly expressed, and its aim and purpose comprehended by its recipients.

I presume the English friends have already received copies of *The Western Star*, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's new monthly magazine. It has every prospect of success, and the initial number is rich with promise. The second volume of "Modern American Spiritualism" is to be published in chapters, and will prove a decidedly interesting feature of the magazine.

Mr. Stebbins has recently published his "Bible of the Ages," a

work which has cost him great labour in compiling, and which, to the ordinary reader and the student, is invaluable. He has brought together the most crystal thoughts of the thinkers of all ages, and thus made a book which is a cabinet of richest gems.

Our friend and brother, J. M. Peebles, soon departs for California, and from thence sails to New Zealand and Australia, to preach the living faith, which is knowledge of Spiritualism, to the people of those remote lands. He intends returning by way of India and the Holy Land, and after two years you will have the pleasure of grasping his hand on his homeward journey around the world.—Fraternally,
HUDSON TUTTLE.

CALCUTTA.—“I am glad to see the cause is progressing. It appears to make very little way in this country, it has such strong prejudices to contend against. A believer in Spiritualism seems to stand quite alone here, and the number increases very, very slowly, if at all.—P. WAGSTAFF.”

P O E T R Y .

A W I S H .

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied!
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side!

Spare me the whispering crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name!

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

The future and its viewless things—
 That undiscovered mystery,
 Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
 Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
 While all around in silence lies,
 Moved to the window near, and see
 Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
 The wide aërial landscape spread—
 The world which was ere I was born—
 The world which lasts when I am dead!

Which never was the friend of *one*,
 Nor promised love it could not give;
 But lit for all its generous sun,
 And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
 In soul with what I gaze on wed!
 To feel the universe my home;
 To have before my mind—instead

Of a sick room, a mortal strife,
 A turmoil for a little breath—
 The pure eternal course of life,
 Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
 Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
 Then willing let my spirit go
 To work or wait elsewhere or here!

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

STONES THROWN BY INVISIBLE AGENTS.

In the *Revue Spirite* of last March is a communication copied from the *Gazette de Languedoc*, from which it appears that, in October of last year, the inhabitants of Cabanac, in the Canton of Cadours, in the Department of Haute Garonne, France, were thrown into great excitement by flint stones and fragments of tile, &c., being thrown in and about the house of a farmer, no thrower or throwers being visible, and causing damage to persons and things. The people, thinking the "devil" was at the bottom of it, summoned the priest to lay him. The priest associated himself with two others, and set to work, but in vain; and the people of the farm thought it best to leave the house. The *Languedoc Gazette*, having invited attention to the facts, calls upon science to explain them.

The editors of the *Revue Spirite* say that their attention having been called to this narrative by its being quoted into the *National* of November 30, 1871, resolved, before giving publicity to it in the *Revue*, to have the phenomena inquired into by spiritualist friends near the spot; for which purpose they addressed themselves to the *Cercle de la Morale Spirite* of Toulouse, from the president of which they received the following letter:—

TOULOUSE, January 3, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I shall endeavour to meet your wishes, expressed in your letter. Last November 27th, on which day was reproduced in the *Messager de Toulouse* the article you speak of, we read the account of the stone-throwing at Cabanac at a meeting of our circle, and the question was considered whether the case was one which, in the interests of philosophy, should be investigated by us.

As in all obsession there is a medium, conscious or unconscious, who is most frequently the obsessed himself, we were unanimous in thinking that some member of the farmer's family was a medium, and were equally unanimous as to visiting the farm and, by God's help, doing our best to appeal to the disturbing spirit and bring him into an orderly way. We then took counsel of our spiritual guides, and this was the response:—

“Pray the Almighty that he will permit us to aid you.

“To understand thoroughly, one must see; and it is for this that God permits physical manifestations.

“Spiritualism does not consist, you will say, in believing in manifestations. True, but the manifestations lead to the belief in the future life, and so in the natural consequences of our actions, good or evil.

“The manifestations you are considering are such as must have a strong influence in spreading Spiritualism in these parts; do nothing to stop them; leave to the spirits who direct them the care of their producing the effect in accordance with their obsession, and to God the care of bringing out of them the good which he intends.

“LOUIS.”

We therefore resolved to limit our action to inquiring into the facts, in accordance with the wish contained in your letter. I therefore addressed a letter to M. de R., the proprietor of the farm where the manifestation took place, and this is his answer:—

“CABANAC, 1st January, 1872.

“SIR,—I have not been able to answer your letter before, in consequence of illness. My wife is also laid up ill. I will only write what I have seen and heard myself.

“When these disturbances first took place, we were away from home. On our return, we were surprised by our tenant telling us that he could not remain in the farm-house in consequence of the alarm he had been kept in. We came home on the Friday, but the extraordinary things he spoke of had ceased on the day before. He

took us to his kitchen and showed us stones and pieces of brick and tile scattered about, and also to the lobby leading from it to where the fowls' grain is kept. After we came home, things were quiet for a week, when my tenant came to say the stones were falling again. I said I could do nothing in the matter. At nine the same evening he came again, with his wife and two domestics, saying it was impossible to remain at the farm. Charity made it a duty to receive them. We left them with our servant to make themselves at home in the kitchen, and retired to our chamber, when we heard a noise like the loud rattling and falling of keys. The servant rushed into the room saying that a piece of earthen pipe had just fallen at her feet. My wife and myself agreed to close the door communicating with the kitchen to seclude ourselves from those there, when my wife, who did not believe in any of these relations, re-entering our chamber, was startled by a noise as of a big stone hurled against the door.

"The next day the tenant returned to the farm-house. The stones were cast about still more numerously, breaking clock, earthenware, glasses, &c. He resolved to endure no more, and so cleared out his goods and left the house.

"The men who helped him to move were struck as he had been. My wife was not thoroughly convinced yet, and went to see the stones fall, as it was declared they were doing. Some minutes after, she, I, and others saw a white stone in the air falling gradually and almost horizontally to the ground. She returned to the house convinced.

"My tenant having gone, with his goods, as I have related, all was quiet. Nothing occurred to disturb those who have succeeded him in the farm-house.

"Twenty-four hours after entering their new abode, in the same commune, my late tenants were attacked again in the same manner with similar stones supplied, it seems, by the ruins of a church destroyed by lightning about three hundred paces from the place of the first commotion; and one evening, their endurance being exhausted, they and their two servants sought an asylum in the house of a neighbour. On their way thither, the man received four blows on the back, evidently from a thick stick which fell at his side; and at night his wife, while in bed, was struck by a chair, which injured her face and made it bleed; the two domestics were also severely pinched.

"Such are the particulars I am enabled to give you.

"DE R——."

I know many cases of obsession about here, but I confine myself to the relation of one now enacting, day after day, at Toulouse. In a certain house, in their own apartment, both husband and wife are assaulted by blows, dealt by some invisible striker. The spirit being evoked at one of our seances, replied:—"Let me alone—I have an object. When I was an old man upon earth, they made

me suffer much—they believe neither in God nor devil. I wish while having my revenge, to force them to believe in something."

I would reflect upon this, that Spiritualism teaches us by indisputable facts that we pass into the spiritual such as we are in the earthly life, the dominant thoughts ruling our whole being until we pass out of this state of absorption to resume our true life of relations, either through the complete satisfaction of our aspirations, or through some circumstance which God causes to arise for the satisfaction of his justice. Thus it is easy to understand that the thought of this spirit at the moment when he quitted the earth was to be revenged, as soon as he found opportunity, for what he had, or thought he had, suffered from these people.

The passing of material bodies through space under conditions contrary to the laws of gravitation is only the effect of a cause residing in the intelligence which directs it, for material is not intelligent; and if we see it sometimes acting and producing effects, it is only by virtue of spiritual action thus manifesting itself, by combining with it and causing it to move by an operation known to spirits, and altering its ordinary gravity.

If men of science would busy themselves a little less about the means of reproducing effects, and a little more in learning the causes which produce them, they would find the spirits, and instead of charging us with hallucination, they would co-operate with spirits of good faith in promulgating the truths which Spiritualism teaches.

I will finish by quoting from a communication:—

"Patience! the time is not remote when everyone will draw his conviction from facts of his own personal knowledge; the best means for convincing the incredulous are not mediumistic communications, but material facts, which they will not be able to deny; great truths will then become the order of the day, and, whether they will or not, the most unbelieving will be forced not only to open their eyes, but bow their heads in shame, at their past incredulity."

I look forward with confidence to the happy moment to which the present manifestations are but the prelude.

J. POMMIES.

DO MEDIUMS LEAVE THEIR BODIES?

From the American Spiritualist.

By J. M. PEEBLES.

"It is the soul," says Hierocles, "that is *you*; the body that is *yours*." Bodies are shells—coffin-shells in which mortals tarry for a season. As instruments for use; as houses for earthly experiences, they are upright, comely and elegant.

"Here lies the body of ———" is a false inscription. Better put something like this upon the plain stone that tells of an

ascension. Here lies the last of the bodies of —. Never buried — he was long since off and away!

In the summer years that are coming, corpses will be considered as nothing more than the cast-off garments of living men and women—temples of the eternal in which service is over, and music hushed and the aisles deserted.

Bodies being but fleshly appendages then, is it true that conscious mortals ever leave them before the death-angel taps at the temple-door? Mediums, scores of them, tell us they do, and travel as explorers in the world of spirits. Is it said that "facts do not warrant such a conclusion"? *Whose* facts, pray? Who authorised you to sit in judgment upon others' investigations, or upon a series of well-attested facts coming under others' personal observations? Assertions like the bulls of Pious ix, are of little account. But says the sophist again, "*facts prove nothing.*" The reply is,—that without facts,—without phenomena, objective and subjective, in connection with consciousness, and the reasoning faculties, *nothing is proven!* Because an individual has not left *his* body, it should not be inferred that others may have not. Non-experience should not presume to sit in judgment upon experience, neither should ignorance constitute the balancing scales for weighing the investigations; or the experimental knowledge of others.

That certain exquisitely organised persons, aided by the wise intelligences of spirit life, leave their bodies at times we firmly believe, believe upon the basis of the clearest testimony. The separation is complete, too, save the magnetic connection or what an ancient seer denominated the "silver cord of life." This electric cord, often seen by clairvoyants, holds in firm fixedness the vital relations, and aids in the continuance of the circulatory forces during the spirit's absence from the temporal castle.

Once out of their bodies, these mediumistic individuals glide through interstellar spaces, witness magnificent scenery, converse with resurrected souls, and mingle momentarily with vast assemblages of the glorified. Returning, they remember what they have seen and heard—a blessed schooling this, in Heaven!

We accept the out-of-the-body theory because grounded upon psychical facts.

1. Man's nature is triune; physical substance, spiritual substance, and essential spirit. The two last constitute the independent entity. This is neither bound nor confined by gross matter.

2. Seers, seeresses and sages of antiquity—Pythagoras, Apollonius, and some of the Neo-Platonists, as well as the Bibles of the older nations, taught the temporary release of the spirit from the body.

3. Mediums positively declare that they leave their bodies—that they are conscious of being out of them; that they stand near and look at them; that they meet and converse with those they formerly knew, and then, becoming unconscious for the moment, return into them.

4. They are seen by clairvoyants while out of their bodies, examining scenery, visiting educational institutions, and listening to the instructions of the gods.

5. Brotherhoods of spirits in whom we have unbounded confidence, assure us that mortals of certain organisations and temperaments can and do occasionally leave their bodies for wise purposes, exploring the golden shores of the better land.

In confirmation of our position, we have the direct testimony of Doctors Van Etten, L. G. Smedley, A. P. Pearce, Boston; E. C. Dunn, Rockford, and many others prominent as lecturers and mediums.

During our Troy engagement we went down to the hospitable home of Dr. G. L. Ditson, Albany, to spend the night with our friend Dr. Dunn. It is a cozy place to visit. Retiring to our apartment he was entranced. The theme of conversation was the interrelations of body and spirit.

When leaving in the morning we said: Doctor, come and see us; come as a spirit to-night, and write us what you see in our room. The next evening we received the following letter:

“ALBANY, February 12, 1872.

“MR. PEEBLES—My Dearest Friend: In accordance with your request, and with the consent and aid of my friends, I left my body last night and visited you in your room in Troy. And now I will give you an account of what I saw, as near as memory serves me.

“You were lying with your face to the south; your clothing was in a chair near the head of the bed. I saw no coat however. I noticed a number of pictures on the wall back of the bed, and thought it a very queer place to hang pictures.

“On the table lay a number of books and papers. The latter were in considerable confusion. At the right side of the table I notice papers lying upon the floor. There was a large book lying upon the table, open at the title page. As near as I can recollect, it was about the ‘Fine Arts in Ireland.’ There was a pencil in the book, round, smooth and not much worn. On the mantle piece to the right of the stove, I saw a book which looked like a Bible, it was open to Revelations, and in it lay the photograph of your guide. Near this book lay your watch and chain. I tried to pick up a pencil upon the table but failed. I spoke to you several times but could not awake you. Everything seemed as natural as though I was in my physical body.

“I took especial notice of my body after leaving it as it lay in bed at Albany. A part of the circle guarded it. I had a very pleasant time with Aaron Knight, [a spirit], who acted as my guide while absent from the body. The sensations were all pleasant except the terrible dread which always comes over me when returning to my body. Believe me ever yours in friendship, love and truth,

E. C. DUNN.”

This description of room, books, pictures, papers upon the floor, photographs in the Bible, watch and chain on the right side of the stove, &c., &c., could not well have been more perfect. The doctor has frequently visited us in this manner, giving the most unmistakable proofs that he was out of his body. It is not an uncommon occurrence with other mediums—and all proving the feasibility and reality of our position.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE readers of *Human Nature* do not need to be told who Dr. Dio Lewis is, the ingenious adapter of the system of calisthenics, known by the title, "Musical Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children." With the number for June, 1869, the English reprint of his system was offered as a premium to the readers of *Human Nature*, and found much acceptance amongst them. Dr. Lewis has just arrived in London, where we are glad to hear he will remain for some time engaged in literary labours. He is accompanied by Mrs. Lewis and sister, and Miss Boardman. The Doctor does not wear the characteristics of a bookworm, but is a jolly, free, companionable man, about six feet high, and built in proportion. He is willing to lecture on about a score of popular subjects, such as temperance, health, gymnastics, education, and other important topics. Those who can get up meetings in the vicinity of London should bear this in mind, as the public will feel gratified in making the acquaintance of such a genial lecturer. We hope to allude to some of the doctor's most recent works at an early date.

At present a special effort is being made by the friends of the Progressive Library to raise sufficient funds to maintain its operations without involving the proprietor in further responsibilities. This enterprise was commenced nearly ten years ago, entirely without friends; but it has now many in all parts of the world, who, it is hoped, are sufficiently liberal and appreciative to sustain the work there being carried on for the public good. Mr. Grant of Maidstone has offered the sum of £10, if nine others would contribute a similar sum; also a further sum of £5, if nineteen others would do likewise. This matter was referred to last month, and introducing the fact again, we may state that as yet only five £10 subscribers have been received, and twelve £5 ditto. As these subscriptions are conditional, the money is not available until the full amount is subscribed. Should this meet the eye of any of our foreign readers who may be well supplied with means, and have but few opportunities of devoting any part of it to the cause of human progress, we may suggest that their aid and co-operation will be at all times welcome at the Spiritual Institution. A number of suggestions have been made in the *Medium* for contributing annual subscriptions of various sums so as to raise £500 per annum, which is necessary to maintain the Institution in due efficiency. The Progressive Library is adding to its list of friends daily, and no doubt the time is at hand when they will be strong enough to carry on this work with due energy.

Our weekly contemporary, the *Medium*, has favoured us with so many genial notices that we are glad to have a good opportunity of returning the compliment. Through the kindness of Mr. Part-ridge, our contemporary is enabled to give in alternate weekly

issues M. Dupuis' deeply interesting work on the connection between Christianity and the solar worship. This book has never appeared in English before, so that the publication to which we refer is a very important one. The historical facts and arguments brought forward show that the doctrines and ceremonies of Christianity are derived from the Zoroastrian astrology of Persia, by which the dogmas and rites of modern churches are made plain and intelligible. We earnestly recommend the readers of *Human Nature* not only to procure the *Medium* and read this work for themselves, but to promote its circulation as widely as possible amongst their friends.

We have received the first No. of Mrs. Hardinge's *Western Star*, but too late to allow sufficient space for extended comment this month. It is the best got-up periodical devoted to Spiritualism which the world produces. The type and paging are spacious, the paper good, and the mechanical execution first-rate. As to the matter, we cannot award better praise than to say that the second volume of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" is being continued in parts of the *Western Star*. The number is occupied by literary articles of much excellence, placing the movement upon a plane which may challenge competition with any other associative enterprise at present occupying the attention of mankind. The numbers are 1s. 6d. each, and orders may be forwarded to the Progressive Library.

THE Lyceum movement looks thriving and vigorous. The late anniversary at Nottingham was the most interesting of the series, and the state of discipline was much higher than at any previous year. Mr. Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, was unable to be present, but sent a letter by Mr. Burns, and a donation to the funds. We take the following remark from his letter:—"The little motto at the head of Mrs. Low Kimball's paper, *The Lyceum Banner*, is to me a truth—'Those who educate a nation's children, shape its destiny.' The Lyceum, in time, will do this better than it has ever been done in the past. The Lyceum is an outgrowth of *Spiritualism*—and *Spiritualism* is, and should be, an outgrowth of the *Lyceum*." The anniversaries of the Sowerby Bridge and Keighley Lyceums are also announced.

THE Aylesbury boy medium, Charles Swan, continues to develop other forms of mediumship. The spirits are now able to speak through him. The painting manifestations also continue and improve.

NATIONAL JUBILEE AND CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS,

TO BE HELD AT DARLINGTON, JULY 30TH AND 31ST, 1872.

THOUGH this announcement will scarcely meet the eye of our readers before the events occur, yet we give the following call a place in our pages as a historic record:—

ORDER OF THE CONFERENCE AND PROGRAMME OF BUSINESS CONSIDERED.

1. Opening of the Conference by the Secretary reading the notice or call. The chair will then be taken.
2. A hymn by the choir.
3. Invocation.
4. The President's opening address.
5. Address by Mr. James Burns, reviewing the Spiritual movement in England (or the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) during the last seven years.
6. Congratulatory speeches by members of the Conference, and brief reports of spiritual progress in their respective districts.

BUSINESS.

7. Which may include the following amongst other subjects that may be broached:—1st. Considerations of the present standing of "The National Progressive Spiritual Institution." 2nd. Suggestions for its future improvement and pecuniary assistance. 3rd. Official moral approval by the Conference of the conduct of public mediums, relative to charges for admissions to seances, and the manner of conducting the same. 4th. Notice and approval of free seances, family circles, Sunday and week-day Conferences, Lyceums, and Picnics, and especially services in public halls or meeting-rooms, many of which have been provided, free of cost, by noble hearted and generous donors.

It is considered by the committee that the morning and afternoon of two days can be well spent in the development of the foregoing, and that the evening of the first day should be, and hereby is set apart for a protracted Spiritual meeting (for members of the Conference only), which will be opened by the President, and will, we trust be made full to overflowing, by addresses from our invisible friends, through trance and other mediums.

The evening of the second day to be devoted to the general public, to whom Mr. James Burns will delivered an address, reviewing Spiritualism as a speciality, beginning with the family of Mr. Fox.

The Jubilee Conference is appointed to take place in the Central Hall Lecture-room, July 30th and 31st. Doors open at nine o'clock in the morning, the Session to commence at ten o'clock. The second session to open at two o'clock. Public tea for members of the Conference at five o'clock; Spiritual Seance meeting to open at seven o'clock.

Second Day—Doors open at nine o'clock, Session opens at ten; Second Session at two; tea at five. Tickets, 1s. each. Public lecture by Mr. Burns. The chair to be taken at eight o'clock.

Those intending to be present at the Jubilee Conference would oblige the Secretary by signifying the same by note.—On behalf of the Committee,

MARK FOOKS, Secy.

SYMPATHY WITH SHAKERS.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—In the February number of *Human Nature* appears an article, signed J. M. Peebles, in praise of the Shakers, whom the writer describes as so many spiritual families, who are advocates of good habits and good morals, and who excel in neatness, industry, integrity, and charity. He concludes by recommending all philanthropists to read Malthus, and carefully study these Believers' teachings relative to chastity, celibacy, and purity of life.

I have no desire to detract from the good qualities of the Shakers, or to do otherwise than endorse the praises of the abovenamed writer, excepting in so far as he impliedly holds up for our admiration the virtue and beauty of celibacy.

A recent writer upon Hereditary Genius propounded a remarkable theory, viz., that the ignorance and barbarism of the middle ages was, in a great measure, due to the injurious effects upon the human race of the monkish system and the prevalence of celibacy amongst the clergy, who necessarily constitute the most virtuous and most learned portion of the population. Whenever a youth displayed a love of study and retirement, he was immediately drafted into the church, to lead a celibate life; whilst his more boisterous and ignorant brethren became soldiers or agriculturists. Thus, the result was that the most peace-loving refined part of the human race were forbidden to marry and have families, and mankind was left to be perpetuated by the most brutal and the most ignorant. If these facts be true, there is little wonder at the slow progress of civilisation in the dark ages.

In view, therefore, of such results as these, it is certainly lamentable that any body of men and women, who possess all the good qualities enumerated by your correspondent, and who are, therefore, so much better qualified than the rough, the noisy, the ignorant, and the intemperate to breed up a race of pure-minded God-fearing men and women, should, in the present age, be so narrow-minded and fanatical as to think that they are carrying out the laws of their being and benefiting mankind by leading the selfish and comparatively useless lives of celibates. I say comparatively useless lives, for this reason, that a man who lives for himself alone, only does one hundredth part of the good to mankind at large that is accomplished by the father of a large family whose children inherit his good qualities, and who trains them up to perpetuate his ideas and teachings, and to afford to their contemporaries the same example of a good and virtuous life that he did to his generation.—I remain yours obediently,

F. A. BINNEY.

Manchester.

MISCELLANEA.

A TATTOOED MAN.—Further particulars are given in the *Wiener Medizinische Wochenschrift* of the tattooed man whose case has created such interest both in and out of Vienna. This man states that he is an Albanian, forty years of age, and unmarried. His accounts of his life vary somewhat, but he appears to have been tattooed in Chinese Tartary, by way of punishment for having aided

The operation was thus performed:—The victim was held fast by four strong men, his struggles being further quieted by threats of instant death, while for three successive hours daily the artist—always the same man—worked away at him. In less than three months he was tattooed from head to foot. When the man, who is of middle height, and beautifully and strongly built, is stripped, it seems as though the whole of his body was tightly enveloped in a webbing of richly-wove Turkish stuff. From the crown of the head to the tips of his toes he is covered with dark-blue figures of animals and plants, in the interspaces of which appear to be characters of blue and in cinnabar red. The hands are tattooed on both surfaces, but only with inscriptions. The blue figures stop short at the insteps of the feet, but the tattooing is continued along the toes to the root of the nails in the form of red characters. Through the very hairs of the scalp and of the beard appear also designs in blue. On the forehead, one on either side, are two panthers, “regardant,” as heralds would say, and separated in the middle line by red characters. There are altogether on the body no less than 388 figures. All of these are of a blue colour, and represent apes, leopards, cats, tigers, eagles, crowned sphynxes, storks, men, women, elephants, crocodiles, snakes, fish, lions, snails, fruit, leaves, flowers, bows, arrows, and quivers. The inscriptions on the surfaces of the hands belong, according to Professor Muller, to the language of Burmah. The man states that he has been in the region of this country. The skin is everywhere, even over the figures, smooth and supple, and moreover, freely perspires. The figures and characters may be analysed into single blue or red points, of about the size of a pin’s head, in the centre of each of which is a whitish scar-like pit. It appears extremely probable that the tattooing has been done with the juices of plants, and not with the usual agents—*e.g.*, powdered charcoal or gunpowder for a blue colour, and cinnabar for a red. The instrument, moreover, with which he was tattooed, and which he has brought away with him, is split like a steel pen at the tip, so that fluid substances could easily be taken up by it. The man has, of course, been photographed. In a short time he will leave Vienna, it being his intention to visit other towns, among them Berlin and London.

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The ‘New York Tribune’ says:—“In 1814, when Pittsburg was but a village, an old man named Jacob Fournais, then aged about seventy years, came here from Canada, and after a brief sojourn, proceeded to New Orleans in a keel boat. That old man died on the 22nd of July, in Kansas City, at the age of 134 years. Fournais was probably the oldest man living. He was a Canadian Frenchman by birth, but for more than half a century was a hunter and a trapper in the employ of the fur company, one of the French *voyageurs* as they were called. He was never sick; and only a few minutes before he died was walking about the room. His age was on the census roll last year as 134 years, which is as near as from the best evidence it could be

fixed. His recollection of important events was very good, and as he was an illiterate man, his memory held to isolated circumstances, not of history as obtained from reading books. He said he was working in the woods on a piece of land he had bought for himself, near Quebec, when Wolfe was killed on the Heights of Abraham. This was the 14th September, 1759, and from what he told of his life previous to that, he must then have been over twenty-one years of age. Thinking he might have confounded Wolfe with Montgomery (1775) he was questioned fully, but his recollection of the names and incidents was too distinct to leave any doubt, and the same account had been given to others long before. Another event which he remembered well, and which he always seemed to look upon as a good joke, was that during the occupation of New Orleans by General Jackson (1814-15) he had been refused enlistment "because he was too old." The old man often told this with great glee. He must then have been about eighty years old. He accompanied the expedition of Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the Missouri, and the discovery of Columbia River in 1803-7. For the past seven or eight years the old man's recollection of faces was often at fault, but his memory of events and incidents seemed as strong as ever—like pictures on his mind—and this retention of occurrences was the great help in determining his age. The last thirty years of his life were passed in quiet and comfort. He preferred living by himself, and always had his own house, where he kept his pipe and tobacco pouch, and such things as were articles of comfort to him, mostly such as he had from his residence with the Indians—not forgetting his rosary and a few religious pictures which hung over his bed. He was very neat in his person, clothes, housekeeping, and up to the day of his death attended in summer to his tobacco plants and his cabbages. One of his great desires was to see a railroad, and when the first locomotive came steaming into the bottom near Kansas City, which was in full view of his house, he was nervous as a child until he visited it. He then expressed himself satisfied, saying he 'could tell God he had seen a railroad.'

For evils of ignorance we want knowledge; for those of false notions we want truth. When the great law of nature—which is the law of God—respecting the reproductive function is clearly known, and the consequences of its disorders and abuses, and the health and happiness that may come from purity and holiness of heart and life, men and women will aid each other in avoiding the evil and enjoying the good. Men will no longer injure themselves and destroy women; women will no longer give the sanction of their tolerance, and even approval, to men of profligate and dishonest lives, wasting their own energies, and making women the wretched slaves of their lusts. Men have to know what is right, and to will to be right. This will is omnipotent. God helps those who have the will, who have even the desire, to do right.—*From Human Physiology, by Dr. T. L. Nichols.*